THE MASTER OF HELLSHAVEN

GILBERT PARKER

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THE MASTER OF MILLSHAVEN

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CLARENCE HAWKES

Author of *The Light That Did Not Fail, Doctor Thinkright, Hitting the Deep Dark Trail, Dapples of the Circus, etc. etc.*

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DEDICATED

to

MY DEAR WIFE

after whose courageous life, I have modelled the heroine of this book.

CONTENTS

I.	The Fourth of July Picnic	9
II.	A Discovery and a Decision	20
III.	The Strength of the Hills	25
IV.	A Walk and a Talk	30
V.	Forest Cottage	39
VI.	David Henderson and His City	50
VII.	The Henchman	57
VIII.	The Dollar and the Ideal	67
IX.	The Toilers and Their Friends	78
X.	A Prophecy Fulfilled	87
XI.	An Enemy in the Dark	94
XII.	A Trial of Strength	106
XIII.	Dan King's Atonement	118
XIV.	The Truth Vindicated	131
XV.	A Bit of Private History	142
XVI.	Two Shots in the Night	149
XVII.	The Hydra-headed Monster	161
XVIII.	The Capitulation	174
XIX.	Back to the Hills	184

The Master of Millshaven

Chapter I

THE FOURTH OF JULY PICNIC

The Fourth of July picnic was a red letter day in Denton,—as much a sacred institution as was Christmas or town meeting day. All the good people in the town were astir early on the morning of the Fourth, for there was much to do before these simple country people could start for the day's outing.

Cullen Hayward and Dan King had been up with the sun, and had done the barn chores while the birds were still singing their mating song. Dan's sister, Mary King, had gone to the Dent homestead to act as housekeeper since the death of Cullen's aunt Ruth, and she had served them a delicious breakfast of ham, eggs, and muffins.

By nine o'clock their lunch was packed, and they were off for the picnic.

This patriotic country celebration was always held in a maple grove, close to the sparkling lake, where there were boats and good fishing.

The morning hours were always consumed with sports, a ball game in a neighboring lot between the Dentons and a team from a rival town, races, the tug of war, and minor games. Into all these simple

sports the country people entered with youthful enthusiasm.

By noon all were ready to do justice to the generous lunch baskets which were filled to overflowing with every known product of the housewife's skill. A long row of board tables had been erected by one of the town carpenters in a shady portion of the grove, and here for an hour the good country people sat eating, talking, and laughing. Threadbare jokes and old time conundrums went the rounds with just as much zest as though they had not been propounded the Fourth of July before, with equal success.

After dinner the exercises of the day were in order. A little wheezy melodeon was brought from Squire Tucker's, and placed upon the stage, and there the church choir sang Star Spangled Banner, Hail Columbia, and other national airs. Then there was a prayer by the minister, and a patriotic address by one of the town fathers. The exercises were always closed with the singing of America by the whole audience.

This time, just as they were singing the last verse of America a large touring car came panting and snorting into the grove.

"It's Dave Henderson and his daughter Evelyn," exclaimed Dan King. "I acted as guide for Dave one year up in Maine. Let's go and speak to them, Cullen." Dan linked his arm affectionately through that of his friend, and the two men sauntered up to

the big car, which at that time was considerable of a curiosity in a town like Denton.

"How do you do, Mr. Henderson?" said Dan genially, extending his hand to the rather short, thick set man on the back seat. "Perhaps you don't remember me."

"Good Lord, King, is that you? Of course I remember you, but I thought you belonged in the Maine woods."

Dan grinned. "I do take to the woods sometimes to escape the humans," he said, "but I come back to civilization occasionally. Let me introduce my friend, Cullen Haywood."

"Glad to meet you, young man," said David Henderson in his bluff, hearty way, and he gripped Cullen's extended hand cordially.

"This is my daughter, Evelyn," explained Mr. Henderson, turning with pride to the young lady who sat on the seat beside him. "You remember, King, how I always used to be talking about Evelyn, when I hadn't anything else to talk about."

"Certainly I do. How do you do, Miss Henderson? I am glad to meet you. This is Mr. Haywood."

Cullen bowed and smiled, but as he was standing a little behind Dan, he did not notice Miss Henderson's proffered hand.

"Here, you young bear, why don't you shake hands with my daughter?" roared David Henderson, who thought he discerned a slight in the young man's seeming indifference.

"I beg your pardon," said Cullen, blushing. "I did not notice," and he held out his hand with alacrity.

"My friend has lost his eyesight," explained Dan quickly. "It was an accident. I was to blame for it. I can't ever forget that."

Cullen noted with a thrill of delight how strong and cordial was the hand clasp that the young lady gave him. It expressed interest, sympathy and friendship.

To those who live in darkness, a very slight thing like the way people shake hands often conveys much. There is the cold, indifferent handshake, the cordial, hearty one, the fashionable handshake, and the unstudied country grip which means volumes.

So by her handclasp Evelyn Henderson told Cullen Haywood, even before she had spoken a word, that her heart went out to him in sympathy for his loss of God's blessed daylight, and he understood just as well as though she had spoken the thought.

"You must excuse me, Miss Henderson," he said. "I did not notice."

"It is all right. There is nothing to excuse. I am very glad to meet you."

Just as there had been a peculiar quality in her handshake, Cullen noted with quickening interest that there was a peculiar quality in her voice. It was rather low pitched and pure of tone, but with a vibrant note in it that denoted intense personality, and deep sincerity.

It may seem strange to the uninitiated, but there is as much character in the human voice as in the

face. So from Evelyn Henderson's voice Cullen noted the facts that she was intense and sincere in her feelings, and a person of strong likes and dislikes.

"What a beautiful lake you have here!" exclaimed the young lady whose glance had just fallen upon the scintillating, sparkling water seen through the maple trees.. "See the pond lilies! Oh, I wish I had some, Daddy"

"I'll take you out in one of the boats, and we can get some," said Cullen eagerly.

"What! Can you row, young man?" queried Mr. Henderson doubtfully.

"I've rowed ever since I could lift an oar," replied Cullen with surprise.

"But you can"t see," objected Mr. Henderson.

"That doesn't make any difference," explained Dan, replying for his friend. "Cullen is a better hand with a boat than I am. His not seeing doesn't make any difference about anything that he makes up his mind to do."

"May I go, Daddy?" cried the young lady, all eagerness.

Cullen hung breathlessly on her father's reply. It seemed to him that it made a great deal of difference whether she went with him in the boat or not, but he could not have told why.

"Oh, yes, go along if you want to, but you take good care of her, young man. She's all I have."

"Thank you," was all Cullen could find to say, but he put out his hand and helped Miss Henderson from the car.

"You can lead the way down the path," he said. "It is too narrow for us to walk abreast."

The girl looked doubtful, but started slowly down the pathway towards the boat landing, looking backward over her shoulder at the young man. To her surprise he followed close behind her walking as freely and easily as she did.

"I thought you were blind. Mr. King said you were," she exclaimed when they had gone a dozen paces.

"So I am. You probably wonder how I can follow the path, but you forget that I am simply walking behind you. I notice each step you make. It is all conveyed by sound. Then my cane always goes one step ahead, and I can see that far at least."

"It is wonderful that you get about so," said Miss Henderson, when Cullen stepped up on the boat landing behind her.

Cullen laughed. "It's very simple," he said, "and very easy. You must not get the idea that I am a wonder, for I am not. I just do things because I have to."

While he was speaking he crossed the wharf, found the edge of the landing with his cane, and discovered the chain that held the boat. Then he drew the boat close up to the wharf and held it while she got in.

"You can shove us off if you want to help," he said, as he stepped by her to the rower's seat, and took up the oars.

Evelyn sat in the stern smiling and dangling her

hands in the water, and Cullen Haywood silently rowed.

"I don't see as you need any coxswain," she said, after a few minutes. "You seem to keep the channel all right."

"It is easy here," replied the young man between his steady even strokes. "The frogs are croaking, and the birds twittering all along at my right. I know that the frogs are in the lily pads near shore, and the birds are in the bushes, so I keep just so far away from them. Besides the sound of the oars helps me a little."

"It's wonderful," she replied. The things you have done in the fifteen minutes I have known you seem marvelous to me. Your following me down to the boat landing, and then finding the chain and getting the boat off. I don't see how you can do such things."

"I often did the same thing in the dark when I could see, going for bullheads in the night. Most things in this world are easy if we go about them in the right way."

"Perhaps," she said, reaching for one of the pond lilies which floated close to the boat. "I suppose you will tell me this pond lily is simple if we understand it."

Cullen rested on his oars and smiled across the boat at her. "No, that is nature, and nature and human nature are quite different."

"How fragrant it is," she said. "Living with its feet in the mud and ooze, yet it draws such beauty from the mud."

"It is just like lots of folks. There are lots of people in the world who live with their feet in the mud, but they lift their faces to the stars."

"I believe you are one of them," she smiled. "You live in darkness, yet I don't think I ever saw anyone who radiated more light."

"Thank you. I consider that a real compliment, but it is only partly true. I certainly live in the dark, but it is a question as to how much light I radiate.."

"I wish you would tell me how you do it," she said wistfully. "I need a little sunshine factory myself."

"That is one of the things that isn't easy," he returned. "Life is a fight all the way. I have to fight hard for my sunshine. I guess every one does. It helps a little to have an inspiring thought to begin each day with."

"What is your inspiring thought for to-day?" she asked incredulously.

"No one knows what is in him until it is knocked out by running against some granite post of necessity," he replied. "You see my necessity is to find light, since I am shut away from it, so I just make it."

"That is a beautiful thought," she returned, "but I have not run against my granite post yet, so I do not know what is in me."

"I noticed your father called you Evelyn," he said at last. "You are not Evelyn Hope, are you?"

"Yes. It was my mother's favorite poem."

" 'Evelyn Hope, thou art dead,' " he quoted absently.

"Not I," she laughed. "I am very much alive in every nerve and muscle."

"I see the good stars have met in your horoscope and given you a spirit of fire and dew," he ventured.

"You see so much," she returned, "that you astonish me every minute I am with you. If you could see this very minute what would you look at first?"

"You," he said simply, and then resumed his rowing.

"Do you ever make pictures of folks that you meet?" she asked diffidently, after a long pause.

"Oh, yes," he replied, "and sometimes they are fairly correct, but often my friends would not know themselves from my picture."

"What do you think I am like? I will test your powers of divination."

He ceased rowing and looked across the boat so directly at her that she could not escape the illusion that he saw her.

"Well," he said slowly, as though recalling a hard lesson, "you are tall. I know that much. You hold your shoulders well back, and have a full chest."

"How did you guess?" she exclaimed.

"I noticed when I helped you out of the automobile, that when you stood on the ground your hand came nearly on a level with mine. Then I noticed you had slim tapering fingers, and those always go with tall people. I know you are full chested and erect by your voice which is resonant, and of a quality that comes only from good deep lungs."

"That is Indian clubs and pulley weights," she

confessed. You are so good a diviner I shall have to tell you the rest. I have brown hair, blue eyes, and an oval face."

"Listen!" cried Cullen in an excited whisper. "It is my hermit thrush. This is his vesper song."

They both listened, and the whole twilight waited upon the divine singer. His first note was long and vibrant, like the sustained note of a flute before the musician begins a difficult cadenza. Then the hermit poured forth his soul to the dusky silence. To Cullen, whose heart was full, it was the last touch of beauty and tenderness, and he very shamefacedly brushed away a tear that glistened upon his cheek.

The girl in the boat said nothing until the hermit had sung his entire song through several times, and then flown away to another alder thicket.

"I noticed you called him your hermit thrush," she ventured at last. "Do you own him?"

"Oh, yes," laughed the young man. "I own the whole world. Nearly everything that flies, or crawls, or creeps, I love."

"I am beginning to think you are very rich," she said wistfully. "I don't see but what you own about everything there is, either temporal or spiritual."

At this moment the hoarse honking of the automobile horn broke across the lake with a disturbing sound, so Cullen turned the boat about and pulled for the landing. His dream had vanished like vapor, and he had come back to realities with a jerk.

"I am afraid we have kept Daddy waiting," she

said nervously. "He doesn't like to wait. He is so punctual himself."

"I am sorry, Evelyn Hope," he said. "This has been a wonderful boat ride to me, and I want to keep you for a friend."

"I am willing," she said, and she gave him her hand to help her out as the boat bumped against the wharf.

"Thank you," he said. "I shall keep you for a friend always."

"Always is a long time," she laughed as she scrambled up the pathway ahead of him. "You will forget."

"Not I," he said stoutly.

"Young man, you have kept my daughter a long time on that dirty frog pond. We ought to have started half an hour ago," growled Mr. Henderson.

Then Miss Henderson gave the young man her hand. "Good bye," she said. "Thanks for a beautiful boat ride." And the automobile went honking through the crowd to the public road.

Chapter II

A DISCOVERY AND A DECISION

Cullen and Dan King drove home in the cool of the evening, while the nighthawks were coursing noisily through the summer sky, and the whippor-wills were singing in the thicket. The smell of new mown hay was sweet in the air, and the dewy dusk was very pleasant after the long day of merrymaking.

That evening they sat upon the back doorstep and ate bread and milk for supper, just as Cullen had done when he was a small boy. He remembered, with a wistful longing, those old days when he sat upon this same stone step and watched the stars come out, and the soft, dusky mantle of night enfold the earth. It all seemed so different now he was a man. Much of the boyish exuberance of spirits and excitement about life had gone out of him. Now life resolved itself into a struggle and a fight. But why mourn? He had had his boyhood, and if the battle of life was before him he must go forward and fight it like a man.

For an hour he and Dan made plans for the future. Cullen said he did not like the city, with its grind and dirt, its noise and tumult, and thought he would settle down quietly on the farm and live there with Dan and his sister Mary. He was fairly well off, and need not worry as to finances, for all that had

been Uncle Hiram's and Aunt Ruth's was his now. His uncle had bequeathed it to his wife, and Aunt Ruth, in turn, had left it to him. There was no need of his struggling for a living. He would study, read, and alternate studious pursuits with fishing, boating, and out-of-door life. Perhaps once each year he and Dan would go to the Maine woods. He had always heard the great woods calling to him even in boyhood. Now, perhaps in another year, he would be camping in their very depths.

To all this Dan eagerly assented. It was just what he had hoped for. His only fear had been that the great city, with its excitement and glamour, might claim his young friend for the better part of the year.

When they had planned out all the details, and had fully agreed upon this program, Cullen went up to bed. He wanted to be alone to think. He had developed the plan for being a country gentleman on the spur of the moment, but there was something else in the background of his mind that disturbed him. It was like the reiteration of a half forgotten melody, something that memory reached for yet could not quite grasp. He wanted to be alone, and see if it would come to him.

Alone, in his bedroom, he sat down by the window to think. For a long time no thoughts came to him. He just sat in a gentle apathy, dreaming, and listening to the night sounds. A whip-poor-will was singing away down in the ten-acre lot. What a sad, strange song it was! If songs were any indication

of one's innner life, the whip-poor-will must be a pessimist indeed. But his song was a part of the night, and in keeping with the dark and the dew. He heard Dan strike a match upon the doorstep, and knew that his pipe was gleaming in the darkness, like a firefly or a glow-worm. What solid comfort Dan seemed to get out of his pipe!

Then he fell to dreaming of the long happy day just left behind, and particularly of the row upon the pond. He recalled, word for word, all their conversation. The things that he had said, and her replies in the rich, deep, contralto voice. How natural she had been! How interested in the water, the lilies, the hermit thrush, and the things he had told her about nature! But best of all, how easily and naturally they had talked together.

For an hour he sat with his chin in his palm, and his elbow on the window sill. Then out of the night, out of the friendly dark, she seemed to come to him. Finally, he got up and stretched himself. Then he went over to his typewriter and took off the case slowly, found a sheet of paper, and rolled it into position.

He did not know why he was doing it. He did not know what he wanted to write, or if he wanted to write at all, but it was an impulse, and he followed it blindly, just as we all grope after our fate in the darkness.

For a long time he sat irresolute, with his fingers playing listlessly over the keys, and his thoughts far

away. At length he leaned forward and this was what he wrote:

"Evelyn Hope, I love you. For you, Evelyn Hope, I could conquer the whole world. If you asked me for a star I could scale the heavens and pluck it for you. If you asked me for a diamond at the heart of the earth, I would dig it out for you. Evelyn Hope, today for the first time I have truly lived. I can never be sordid or mean again, for your touch has transmuted my life into purest gold.

And now, my beloved, good night. Good night and sweet dreams."

When the letter was finished the young man sat for a long time with his head in his hand, thinking of what he had written. Then he went and sat by the window with the letter in his hand. Finally he deliberately tore the letter until it had been reduced to small pieces, and threw it out of the window.

"It will be enough for me if I just love her," he said to himself. "She is not for me. She must not even know I love her."

Then he silently undressed and went to bed.

The next morning when he went down to breakfast, he found that it was late. He had overslept in the morning hours as sleep had been slow in coming to him. Dan had already breakfasted and had gone out on the back steps to sharpen a hoe.

When Cullen approached the back door Dan was not sharpening the hoe at all. Instead, he was very carefully fitting together innumerable small pieces

of paper upon the top door step. When he saw Cullen he hastily swept them together into his hand and put the fragments into his pocket.

"Hello, Dan! What are you doing?" asked his friend. "I thought Mary said you were filing a hoe."

"No," replied Dan, with a broad grin, "I was working out a Chinese puzzle."

Dan was wont to speak in enigmas, and Cullen was too much engrossed with his own thoughts to give any special attention to his words. Instead, he sat down on the top step beside his friend, and fidgeted with his watch chain for several minutes, during which time neither spoke. Finally he broke the silence.

"Dan," he said, "I have been thinking things over since we had our talk last night, and I have concluded that I will not be a gentleman farmer after all. I am going away to the city to study law instead."

"Good idea," replied Dan, promptly. "I never thought it was just the thing for you to stay here and rusticate. You want to be out in the struggle where they do things. I know how you feel. Go ahead. Mary and I will run the farm for you."

Cullen gasped. "But, Dan, you know I said last night I would stay. You know what we planned."

Dan laughed. "You can change your mind if you want to, can't you?" he asked. It's a good idea. Go ahead."

Chapter III

THE STRENGTH OF THE HILLS

Millshaven was a typical New England manufacturing city, only it was noisier, dirtier, and more objectionable than most of them. It was situated on three terraces at the foot of a majestic mountain, with the broad flowing Connecticut at its feet.

The three terraces were symbolic of the three conditions of life which usually prevail in most small manufacturing cities. Upon the broad flats which comprised the first terrace were the fifty odd mills, the business blocks, and the innumerable tenement houses where the toilers lived and labored.

Upon the second terrace was the middle class, the trades people, the clerks, the stenographers, and all the rest of that fine assortment of middle class people.

On the third terrace which rested upon the very mountain's edge were the aristocrats, the owners of the mills and stores, and all the vast humming, sweating machinery of manufacture and barter on the unfortunate first terrace.

If there was any man in the valley who typified the modern maelstrom, its noise, its dirt, its ceaseless roar of industry, it was David Henderson.

It was his grandfather, old Seth Henderson, who had built the first great dam spanning the Connecticut. He had accomplished this, then gigantic feat,

largely with his own capital and enterprise. Every dollar of his personal fortune, as well as much of that of his friends, had gone into the building of the dam which was to make Millshaven famous.

It had been a gala day in the city when the gates had been shut down for the first time. Flags were flying, all the factories were closed, and all business was suspended while this miracle of staying the Connecticut was put in force. But the great river had resented being bound in this way. Ever since the dawn of creation it had flowed untrammeled to the sea, so when the dam was perhaps two thirds full, the silent waters put their titanic shoulder against the masonry, and the whole costly structure went crumbling to the sea. With it went every dollar of Seth Henderson's fortune, but he was not daunted. He got new capital, and rebuilt the dam, sinking the foundations deep in solid rock. The next time the gates were shut the dam held, and the broad river has served the Hendersons ever since.

Three wide canals feed the water though the heart of the city to the fifty mills whose responsive turbines translate the power of the water into very substantial energy that makes the looms and spindles, lathes, and planes, saws and shuttles, hum, roar, and shriek.

Cullen Haywood and his stenographer, Katherine Kelly, stood upon the bridge that spanned the Connecticut just beneath the huge dam. They were so close to the raging torrent that poured in mighty volume over the dam that the spray from it flew in

their faces like fine mist. Spring was in the land, but there were no signs of it in the dirty, noisy city, so Cullen had invited Miss Kelly to walk out with him, and see the spring freshet which was at its height.

Five years have elapsed since Cullen Haywood's decision to go away to the law school in order that he might make a name and place for himself among those who achieve—an ambition born of his great love for Evelyn Hope Henderson. They had been strenuous years for him, and filled with the savage joy of achievement. How he had worked during the three years at the law school, overcoming almost insurmountable obstacles, only his college chum, Edward Fenton, knew, and even he did not guess all the heartache and mental fatigue represented by the young man's diploma. Cullen often said that he never could have done it had it not been for Ned. This faithful companion had read and taken notes for hours each day, and had encouraged him through all the hard places.

How he had struggled for a practice in Millshaven only Katherine Kelly, his stenographer, knew.

He had come to Millshaven to settle because it was Miss Henderson's home, and he thought it would be easier to work if he was near her; but thus far, the mere living in her city had given him very little comfort, for the day before he opened his office in the down town part of the city, Miss Henderson had sailed for Europe, and had remained there for the entire two years, having returned only that week.

"My, but this is great, Katherine!" cried the young lawyer, throwing back his shoulders, and drawing in deep breaths of the mild spring air. "It's like old times in the country. I can fairly smell the spring in that thundering flood."

"It seems rather terrible to me," she returned, shouting to make herself heard above the roar of the water.

She was a tall, athletic girl, with keen blue eyes and a direct glance, a high forehead, high cheek bones, and a beautiful complexion. Her voice was clear and intense.

"I think it is just grand," he continued. "It is the strength of the hills put forth in this flood doing the work of man."

"Why, what do you mean? It sounds pretty but I do not know as I understand you. Tell me where all the water comes from, and what this flood means to you. You have seemed like a new person since you have been standing here. I haven't seen you so boyish in the two years I have worked for you."

"Well, Miss Kelly, it is like this," he said, resting his chin in the palm of his hand, and placing his elbow upon the railing of the bridge. "I am country born and bred. This flood is a great epic poem to me. It reminds me of the springtime when I was a boy, of twilight evenings when I used to go out in the back yard at the old farm and listen to the cries of the woodcock as it sailed up in the dusky sky, and also to that ceaseless undertone of running water that trickled and gurgled, murmured and roared,

running to every low spot in mowing, meadow, or pasture land,—a myriad little streams, all hurrying to the brook down in the ten-acre lot, and that, in turn, running to the river to swell the spring flood.

"Why, Katherine, ten thousand tiny springs, that in a month will be fringed with ferns and cowslips, are pouring their life into this flood. A thousand alder and willow-fringed brooks, where the speckled trout lie in the shadows, are giving to it. Down all the hillsides and through all the deep valleys, from the Green Mountains to the White, from the Connecticut lakes, to the sea, the brooks and streams and rivers are hastening, all obeying the divine call, a call of the sea to the waters. They are hurrying down a thousand watercourses, bringing the strength of the hills to us weak ones here in Millshaven."

"Here comes someone I guess you will be glad to see," interrupted Katherine. "It is Miss Henderson and a cousin of hers. They also have walked out to see the river."

Chapter IV

A WALK AND A TALK

Miss Henderson was accompanied in her walk by a rather short, thick-set young man, fastidiously dressed, and with the air of a gallant. As they came up to Cullen Haywood and Miss Kelly, his face was wreathed with a broad grin, and he seemed convulsed with mirth.

"What a happy meeting this is!" exclaimed Miss Henderson as soon as they were within earshot. "Here is my old schoolmate, Kitty Kelly, and my friend Mr. Haywood." She gave Kitty a girlish embrace, and extended her hand warmly to her companion. It was the same sincere, hearty handshake that he remembered so well, and her touch thrilled him strangely. He had seen her but once since their pleasant row upon the pond at the Fourth of July picnic five years before, that occasion being a high school reception in Millshaven. He had come across the stage merely to shake her hand and get a few conventional words as she stood in the receiving line. But now all the pleasant phrases that usually came tripping to his lips forsook him, and he stood silent, merely holding her hand and flushing with pleasure.

"This is a surprise," he finally managed to stammer, and then had just presence of mind enough to let go the hand.

"Let me present my cousin, Edward Fenton," said Miss Henderson, seeing that young man was getting a bit impatient at being left so long in the background.

Cullen Haywood started at the name, and turned quickly towards her companion. "Oh!" he said, extending his hand, "I am sure I am glad to meet you. Miss Henderson gave me quite a start. That was the name of my college chum, one of the best friends I ever had. If it hadn't been for him I don't think I could ever have squeezed through the law school."

The corpulent young man clasped the extended hand warmly, but said nothing, having all he could do to keep from laughing.

"By Jove! It's Ned!" cried the young lawyer. "You old scapegrace, playing tricks on me as usual. How in the world did you and I ever chum together for three years and I not know you were Miss Henderson's cousin?"

"Oh, it was merely an accident," returned Ned lightly.

"Let's walk across the bridge to the other side," put in Katherine. "There is a better view of the river over there," and she fell in with Ned Fenton and led the way. Miss Henderson and Cullen Haywood following slowly, talking eagerly, and shouting to make themselves heard above the roar of the flood.

"My, but it is good to see you again!" said Cullen. "It seems about a thousand years since I heard your voice last. Why did you run away to Europe when

you heard I was going to settle in your city?"

"Your coming had nothing to do about it," she replied. "I didn't even know that you were here until after I reached the other side, and then I happened to see it in a Millshaven paper."

"I ought to walk on the outside, next to the traffic, and let you have the inside," apologized the young man. "I really know what manners are, if I am deficient in carrying them out."

"I don't mind it a bit," she returned. "I expected you to take the inside. I knew the railing would be a guide for you. I will take your arm if you wish."

"Thank you," he returned. "You seem to understand without my explaining. I can walk all right as we are. I suppose you have been studying art, music, and doing all the wonderful cities of Europe, haven't you?"

He looked at her interestedly, and again she had that strange conviction that he could see her.

"No," she said, "I was not as lucky as that. I was working hard all the time. I was studying sociology, and settlement work, and a score of other perplexing problems. You see I want to do something for this dirty city. It has always been a nightmare to me. When I was a mere child I used to go down in the slums, and watch the children play. I want to help clean up some of the dirty places in my father's city."

The young man by her side smote his palms together and cried, "Good! That is just my problem. I have been plugging away at it in my humble way

ever since I came here to practice. Perhaps we can help each other, I with the boys, and you with the girls."

"Fine!" she exclaimed. "I did not know you were a sociology crank. It's a rather odd combination,—a lawyer philanthropist."

He laughed. "We see the need of it more than other men, especially in the juvenile court. My cure for all social evils that afflict young people is play."

"I haven't thought out my plans yet," she returned. "How is your law practice coming?"

"If I answer in dollars and cents, not over and above, but if I count my earnings in the friends I have made, and the enemies, it's going fine."

"The enemies?" she asked.

"Yes. Every one who tries to help the poor in any of our great cities almost immediately butts up against certain moneyed interests which don't like him. You will find that out soon enough."

"I am going to get Daddy to help," she said, after a long pause. "He can help me a lot. Don't you think so?"

Cullen Haywood looked quizzically at her, and she felt instinctively that he was turning her plan over in his mind, but he made no comment.

"Don't you think Daddy can help a lot?" she asked again after the pause had become embarrassing.

"There is no one in Millshaven who could do more," he replied slowly, "but—"

"But what?" she queried indignantly. She was very jealous where her father was concerned.

"I couldn't explain it to you," he said at last. "You will have to find out for yourself. You see he represents the moneyed interests. He doesn't like to see things change."

"Why, Mr. Haywood, he gives more to philanthropy than any other man in the city. He is trustee of both hospitals and upon the advisory board of half the charities in the city. I don't think you understand him."

"Perhaps not," he said. "I know he does a lot of good in that way, but let's not talk problems. We will find them soon enough."

"You must come up and see me when I am settled. I am sure Daddy will be glad to see you. He is always interested in young men who are trying to get on."

"Thank you," he said, but he made no promise to come.

They had now reached the further end of the bridge, and Katherine and Edward Fenton stood gazing at the raging flood.

"I wish you could see this," said Miss Henderson wistfully. "It seems cruel that you cannot."

"I am perfectly happy," returned Cullen Haywood. "Few men can say more."

"Anyhow you make a good bluff at it, if you are not. I told you once before I thought you a wonderful man, and it makes me ashamed when I stand here in the full daylight with you. I am so weak, and you are so strong."

"You haven't been tested," he said quickly. "I

am sure you would do even better than I if you had to."

"If I ran against my granite post," she laughed. "Well, I don't want to. I am too much of a coward to want to be a heroine. I will have to leave the strong part to you."

He smiled at her wistfully. "We are all weak enough when the great crises of life come," he said.

"Here comes your dad and the car," put in Edward Fenton. "Mr. McCulluck is with him. Here is where we get a ride home."

"Lazy boy!" laughed Miss Henderson, and Cullen Haywood thought he discerned a shade of disappointment in her voice.

True to Fenton's prediction, the great car came to a stop at the end of the bridge and the lazy Ned and Miss Henderson piled in.

"Goodbye, Kitty. Goodbye, Mr. Haywood," she called as the car rolled onto the bridge. "Come and see me."

Cullen lifted his hat: Kitty called a breezy "Goodbye", and they were gone.

"Come, Katherine," he said. "We have had enough of this, let's go home."

Hugh McCullock, sitting on the front seat with the chauffeur, turned and gazed full at the young blind lawyer as she bade him goodbye; and as Evelyn turned she noticed his black eyes narrow to a slit, and a dark, sinister look that he could not always hide when he was angry, flashed across his face. She thought little of it then, as her father's private sec-

retary and special agent, who had the handling of his great business interests, was a hot tempered person; but months afterward she had reason to recall this dark look.

"Isn't the river glorious, Daddy?" exclaimed the girl.

"I wish it would quit this flood business," growled Mr. Henderson. "It raises the dickens with the turbines in the mills.

How long will it take it to subside, so we will be all right again, Hugh?"

"Two or three days, I should say," replied the secretary in an even, oily voice. "It isn't as bad as it looks."

"That was young Haywood wasn't it?" inquired Mr. Henderson, turning to look affectionately at his daughter.

"Yes, Daddy. Do you know how he is getting on?"

Mr. Henderson grunted. "I don't spend much time looking up third rate lawyers, but seems to me I have heard he is something of a success as a trial justice. Ask Hugh."

Mr. McCullock turned and volunteered the information.

"He is in wrong, Miss Henderson. He is dead against all the vested interests. Goes in for civic reform and children's playgrounds, and is for cleaning up the slums, and all kinds of tommyrot. Did you know he took a couple of thousand out of the City Laundry the other day, Mr. Henderson?"

"No," snorted the elder man. "How was that?"

"Some stupid woman got her hand caught in a mangle and lost some fingers. He sued the company for her, and beat out Dickson and Greely, too."

"Why shouldn't the woman get damages if she lost her fingers, Daddy?" asked Evelyn. "I should think that was fair."

"Well, perhaps she should," returned her father, "but we mustn't give the beggars too much. We must keep them in their places. If too many of them get this damage bug into their heads the big companies can't do business."

"In Germany the state makes all of the employees get insured, then everyone gets damages," replied his daughter.

"Well, this isn't Germany, and I'm glad it isn't," retorted Henderson. "I'm not going to cough up any damages that I don't have to. No matter who gets hurt."

"Why, Daddy!" exclaimed the young woman. "Then it is just such folks as you that such lawyers as Mr. Haywood have to fight. You don't give them any alternative."

"I am afraid we are going to have trouble with him sooner or later, Mr. Henderson," put in McCullock.

Evelyn Henderson turned a troubled face to her father.

"As long as he keeps out of my way and don't meddle with my business I haven't got any fight

with him, but if he does get in my way I'll smash him," and he laughed savagely.

His daughter looked at him closely as though she had discovered a new side of his character. She knew he was the best father and the kindest man in the world, but this aspect of him was alarming to her. What was it that they did to men who got in their way? She sat very still in her corner of the seat, and was silent for a long time.

"Don't you bother your head about it, Kittens," David Henderson said at last, in his bluff kind way. "It isn't for women to meddle with, and don't bother your head about young Haywood. He isn't in our set. He is well enough, but he is headed in the wrong direction."

Chapter V

FOREST COTTAGE

Cullen Haywood sat in his office reading over some notes on a case that had been tried in court the day before. He usually kept a very few notes in Braille, the raised point system of the blind. These he could turn to whenever he had a few minutes without calling upon his stenographer. The office windows were open and it was very noisy. There was the constant clang of trolley bells, the ceaseless roar of heavy trucks, the rattle of lighter vehicles, and the sharp, metallic thud of horses' hoofs upon the pavement. The shrill cries of the newsboys heard above the din were, to his ears, the pleasantest sound in all this city babel.

It was hard to concentrate one's mind upon the notes with this medley of sound floating through the office, and it was hard to keep his mind from flying away upon the winds of the spring morning to distant fields and woods. On his desk was a spray of apple blossoms that Dan had brought to him the day before, when he had come in with the grave news that had put an ache in Cullen's heart, and left him with a sense of great loss. Dan had arrived hale, hearty, and in high spirits, to tell his friend that he had joined the company of the second regiment in Millshaven, and was going to the front. This had been a great surprise to the young lawyer, although

as he thought of it now here in his office, it was just what he should have expected. Dan's love of camping and out-of-door life, and his patriotism, which had always been one of his passions, would call for nothing less.

"You see, Cull," he said, "I have known it would come to this ever since the sinking of the Maine, and I have been making my plans accordingly. My brother Henry will take my place on the farm. He is more of a farmer than I, and will serve you even better."

"Oh, he will do all right on the farm, Dan," Cullen replied, "but I can't bear the thought of your going away to be shot at. It breaks me all up."

"Why not?" replied Dan. "I am no better than a thousand others who will go. Many who will enlist are higher up in the world than I am. Why, I am just the sort of a fellow to go. No home, no family, no anything. It's just my kind of a job. Here is my will, Cullen, I want to leave it with you. I have named you as executor in case anything happens to me. You can put my affairs right."

Cullen had taken the long envelope mechanically and it had seemed a very solemn occasion.

"Why didn't you have me draw it up, Dan?" he had asked.

"Oh, I didn't think of it, or perhaps I did not want you to know how rich I am," laughed Dan. "Anyway it is done, so you just look after it until I come back."

The long envelope was now lying in the office safe, and Dan was speeding away to Key West, where his

regiment was to join General Shafter's expedition to Cuba.

There were also other things to distract the young lawyer's attention from his notes. Every week that passed by made it more apparent that he and David Henderson were on opposing sides in everything pertaining to the city and its life. Even his law practice was gradually shaping itself as a protest to the big interests.. Most of the better lawyers in the city were retained by the mill people whom Henderson represented, while most of his work was for the poorer class. The people had gradually learned that he was the best lawyer in town for their damage suits, and such cases, in a city of more than fifty mills, employing twenty-five thousand people, were innumerable. Several of the mills had approached him with offers of large retainer fees, but he had realized if he accepted these offers it would be selling out the common people, so he had refused them.

Even this very morning he knew that there was a matter fast coming to a crisis which would tend even more sharply to widen the gap between him and the Hendersons. A new company had just been formed for the erection of a great factory. David Henderson, as usual, was at the head of it. The only convenient building spot for the factory was a dirty, dusty, little playground where the children of the poor factory hands enjoyed their meagre sport. If they were driven out of this playground, they would go in large numbers to the nearby freight yards to play. They had to play somewhere. Cullen knew

full well that this meant more crippled children.

The Good Citizenship Club had engaged him that very morning to fight the new company before the city government, and in the courts. They must hold the children's playground for them at any cost. In a way he had not wanted the case, but when he remembered his own boyhood life in the country, its freedom, the blue sky, the green hills, the deep, sequestered woods, his blood boiled with indignation against this greedy corporation which would take away the dusty playground of the foreign children for commercial purposes.

It was a pleasant diversion from such thoughts as these to have Katherine's mother telephone for her to ask Mr. Haywood to come out for tea that evening.

"You see, we are old-fashioned," explained Miss Kelly. "We do not have dinner at night, just tea. You won't get much to eat, but we would like to have you come. Will you?"

"Of course I will Katherine. It's awfully good of your mother to think of asking me. But perhaps this is your doings."

"Maybe," replied the stenographer, "but it is all in the family. My sister Margaret wants to meet you also."

"Your sister Margaret? I had forgotten you had a sister."

"Well, she is my half sister, but that doesn't make any differenece to Peg and me."

The invitation to take tea at Forest Cottage made

the work go easier, and almost before he knew it, it was four o'clock, and Katherine asked if she might go home to help her mother. "You know mother never gets out of her wheelchair," she explained.

"I had forgotten that, too," admitted her employer. "She must be a brave woman.

"She is all sunshine and hope, and makes me ashamed when I see how cheerful she is. Just as you do," said Kitty.

"If you pass any more compliments I shall be ashamed," laughed her employer. "Now run along, and don't make the tea too strong. I was brought up on milk."

Forest Cottage, where the Kellys lived, was three miles outside the city, on the trolley road to Meadville. It nestled cosily at the foot of the mountain, with the woods coming down almost into the back yard. Cullen had never visited there, but Katherine had often explained the location to him.

Now he thought of it, how much the Kellys kept their home life to themselves. He had never seen any of the family except Katherine, and to his best knowledge, although she had worked for him nearly two years, he had never heard her mention her sister Margaret before. Neither did he remember she had ever told him her mother was a cripple. Perhaps they were retiring people. A house with a mystery, the young man thought, as he took down his straw hat and started for the elevator, after locking the office door.

Out on the street a blast of hot air came up from

the pavement reminding him that the day was a record breaker for that time of the year. He walked on the outside of the sidewalk to the corner, feeling for the edge of the walk with his cane. Then letting it slip along the curb for a dozen feet, or so, he came to the place where the cars stopped, and there waited for the Meadville trolley. The tracks at this point swung close to the curb, and it was a very easy connection for him to make alone.

Two miles out, a fragrant little breeze came down from the mountain, and the young man, yearning for a breath of the country, filled his lungs to their capacity. The scent of hemlock and pine was in the air, and it was most grateful.

When he swung off the car which had stopped at the corner where Forest Cottage was located, he jumped almost into the arms of his stenographer.

"Looking out for me, as usual, Kitty," he laughed. "I didn't notice you were here, but I might have expected it."

"I was running," she explained. "I didn't know it was car time until Mother called to me. Four steps and we are up to our walk, then it is all plain sailing till we reach the piazza. Smell the woods?"

"I have been smelling them for the last mile," returned the lawyer. "It is great."

"Here are the piazza steps—eight of them. I counted them tonight when I came home so to tell you."

"You needn't ever trouble to count steps for me,"

replied her employer. "You see my cane goes a step ahead."

Mrs. Kelly was seated in her wheelchair as Katherine had said, but the chair had been drawn out on the piazza, and she was enjoying the beautiful May day to the full.

"It is good of you to come, Mr. Haywood. It is right glad I am to see you," and she stretched out a thin hand.

Her voice was low and well modulated, but with just the slightest suggestion of Irish brogue which made her inflection rich and quaint.

"We don't go out any ourselves, but I am glad you could come here. Peggy will be glad to see you, too."

"I shall be glad to meet Peggy," he said.

"Peggy works in the cotton mills," she continued. "My heart aches for her on a day like this. It is so noisy and stifling in the mill. She has always had to work since Mr. Kelly's death. You see she wanted to give Kitty an education. She didn't have any herself, the poor colleen."

"I see," returned Cullen. "It is often that way in a family."

"Kitty is a good girl, too," continued her mother. "She appreciates what Peg has done for her. I suppose the high school and business college isn't so much of an education either, Mr. Haywood."

"She has a kind heart," replied Cullen, "and that helps. We learn much more from life than from books.

The wistful little woman in the wheelchair dimpled all over her furrowed, careworn face, and the warmth and beauty of her brave smile was communicated through the darkness to the other struggler.

"Do you know, Mrs. Kelly," he said at length, "when any one smiles as you do I always get a sense of light. I think a smile is the radiance of the soul shining through the clay, just as though our bodies were opaque."

"That is a beautiful thought," returned the little woman. "You see, Mr. Haywood, we have to form the smiling habit. I guess you know that as well as I do."

"Well, here comes Peg. Hello, Peggy dear. Are you tired?"

"I am always tired, Marmsy," returned the girl as she came slowly up the steps, and stooped down to kiss her mother. "What a scorching day! We nearly stifled in the mill."

"This is Mr. Haywood, Margaret. He is Kitty's employer."

"I wish I had as good a one," she said, putting out her slight work-scarred hand.

Cullen Haywood noticed there was something strangely familiar about her voice. It seemed to strike a vibrant chord in him that made him thrill as to a rich strain of music.

Margaret sat down beside her mother and entertained her with the gossip of the mill,—the cheap chewing-gum talk. Trivial, slangy, and rather vulgar, Cullen thought, but what could you expect from

the life of one who had gone into the cotton mill as soon as the age limit had permitted, and been kept there, crushing out its color and refinement to the tune of eight dollars a week?

Cullen listened to the trivial mill gossip as though it had been an epic poem, for there was something about the voice that he could not fathom. He had heard it before, or one just like it, where could it have been? Presently Peggy called to Katherine to bring out her mother's shoulder shawl, and as she raised her voice the illumination that he sought flashed through his mind, like a gleam of lightning on a dark night. The voice was almost identical in quality with that of Miss Henderson. Now he thought of it, the wonder was he had not noticed it at once.

Presently the girls brought out a table just large enough for four, spread with a snowy table cloth, and set with dainty dishes.

"This is great, eating out of doors," exclaimed the lawyer.. When I was a boy I used to take my bread and milk out on the back doorstep and eat it where I could watch the nighthawks catching flies in the summer sky. I don't think anything has tasted as good since."

"Perhaps you will be able to hear the nighthawks here," said Kitty.

"We are going to hear something better than nighthawks," he remarked. "Listen to that clucking and twittering in the bushes back of the house. That is the forerunner of one of the most beautiful

songs heard in the New England forest, if I haven't forgotten how the wood thrush sings."

Presently the bird began, timidly at first, as though trying his voice. Then more exultantly, as though warming to his theme, and finally pouring all his tumultuous thrilling rhapsody into the May twilight.

It was a merry meal, and the thrush furnished such music as money could not buy. When it was over and the dishes had been put away, the girls' uncle, Michael Kelley, the chief of police in Millshaven, dropped in.

"I just came in for a little chat, Norah," he explained to his sister-in-law. "Don't mind me. Hello, girls!"

The young ladies greeted him warmly, and he made himself at home by taking a chair upon the piazza and lighting his pipe. He fished a small cigar from his pocket and proffered it to Cullen.

"Don't ask if you can smoke, Mr. Haywood," said Peggy, "Uncle Mike didn't. I like to see people enjoy themselves. There is precious little enjoyment in life unless we catch it as it flies."

So the young lawyer lighted the cigar, and tilted his chair against the wall while Michael Kelley, who had been chief of police for Millshaven for over twenty years, through Democratic and Republican administrations, alike, told him of the ins and outs of city government. Some of the things that he learned made his blood boil and his American pride blush for shame. Others made him fighting mad

while still others made him laugh until his sides ached.

No matter to what phase of city life they turned, where there was greed, where there was corruption, where there was large ripe plums to pick, or spoils to take, there was David Henderson, a giant among pygmies. He overrode and bullied. He bribed and cadjoled. He threatened and persecuted until he had conquered every last vestige of opposition in the city. His word was law.. All that was necessary to put anything through was just to say "Old Dave says so."

"He owns this city, body and soul, hide and hair. There never was, and there never will be a man who can stand up to old Dave. If there was he'd get him sooner or later, you mark my words," said the chief. "I know."

Chapter VI

DAVID HENDERSON AND HIS CITY

David Henderson had been the first of his family to go to college, his forbears having been too busy for education; and even his college career was not wholly successful, for during his junior year he became enamored with a table girl at the college boarding house.

When his father heard of this entanglement in a round about way, he went after his son and literally brought him home by the scruff of the neck. His father had compelled him to leave college at once, but being a hotheaded, impulsive fellow, David swore that he would marry the girl, and his father emphatically declared that he would disinherit him if he did, all of which the impulsive youth communicated by letter to his sweetheart.

When he was finally allowed to return to college, he found to his great disappointment, that the girl had disappeared, and although he made diligent inquiry he found no trace of her.

That his broken heart was finally healed is evinced by the fact that he ultimately married a daughter of Millshaven, and thereby made what his father called a good alliance. Neither of the young people put any love into the transaction, but their fortunes were united in a sumptuous wedding of the mighty dollar.

Evelyn Hope Henderson had been their only child, and her mother had died when she was three years old. Her mother had been a rather spiritless person when compared with her virile husband, so her light had always been dimmed by his, and her will subordinated. Henderson's daughter, however, had inherited all of her father's forcefulness and masterful ability, tempered with womanly sweetness and gentle regard for the rights of others, a tenet which had never entered into David Henderson's creed. So when she was a very little girl he had discovered that she could not be bullied or browbeaten. When he undertook such a course he soon found that he had run up against his own indomitable spirit.

Of David Henderson's control of Millshaven, Cullen learned much from that scarred and battered old politician, Mike Kelly, the only man in the city who had ever fought Henderson successfully in politics. He had dropped into the lawyer's office two or three days after the meeting at the Kelley cottage to further explain the intricacies of city government and politics to the young lawyer.

"I'll light me pipe," he said, 'if yez don't mind," and he pulled out his black briar and proceeded to make himself comfortable.

"Speakin' o' politics," he began, taking up the narrative just where he had left it that evening at the Kelley cottage. "This is a one man town, and that man is David Henderson. He controls a majority of the voters in this city, and the queer thing about it is that most of them don't even know it. They live

under the glorious Star Spangled Banner, with the mighty American eagle spreadin' his wings and screamin' just above their heads, and yet they are owned politically, body and soul."

"How is it that you have managed to keep on the top for so many years, Mr. Kelley?" asked Cullen. "I am sure David Henderson does not own you."

"No, he don't own me," returned the chief, blowing a great wreath of tobacco smoke about his head. "Me and Dave is what you call friendly enemies. We respects each other an' we lets each other alone. You see, Mr. Haywood, there are always just enough voters in any American city that can't be bought or bulldozed to keep an independent politician afloat if he plays the game right, but he has got to know the game, and stand in with the powers that be as well as the independent voters."

"How can a man stand in with the powers that be if those powers are corrupt, and not be corrupt himself?" asked the other.

"Well, that is a poser," returned Kelley. "I don't exactly call myself corrupt, although I wink at a good deal that is corrupt. You see the chief has got to administer the law partially, an' not impartially, as the people think, if he would hold his job. Now in this city the saloon men and the drug stores want a certain leeway in regard to license, and Sunday selling, and as they are a part of the big machine I give it to them. If Dave Henderson wants to run his automobile twenty miles an hour on Main Street I look the other way, an' any man of mine who ran

him in for it would lose his job. They all understand that."

"Does Mr. Henderson often appear in public as the head of this machine?" asked the young man.

"Never, unless things get to a terrible strait," replied the politician. "He is the power behind the scenes. He pulls the wires, an' his puppets all jump. I tell you he is a slick one. There has never been but three men in this city who ever dared to stand up against ole Dave an' fight him to a finish, an' something happened to 'em all. It is a lesson to other citizens of this glorious free city who get the clean politics bug in their head."

"What was it that happened to them?" asked Cullen.

"Well, there was ole man White, a deacon of the Methodist Church. He undertook to run Dave out of the dry goods business, an' he is holdin' down a free seat out at the poor farm. Dave bought stock enough in White's own company to freeze him out an' ruin him.

Then there was Caleb Bowin. He was a newspaper man. He undertook to expose the street railroad franchise steal. Dave shut off his advertising, an' he went bankrupt. He is now in the state bughouse at Meadville."

"What happened to the other?" inquired Cullen with a shudder.

"That was Jones, the Springdale inspector of public buildings. He had the audacity to intimate that one of Dave's factories was unsafe and ought to be

torn down. Dave got him fired. Then he bought the mortgage on his place, or rather, had a bank that held it, foreclose, and turned the inspector out of doors. After that he saw that he lost every job he had in the city, an' that finally put Jones under the sod."

"What is this machine with which a man can so thoroughly dominate a city, and himself never appear? I don't understand it," said Cullen.

"Well, I'll tell you," replied Kelley. "You see Dave owns and controls the water power company, an' that means the juice for nearly all the mills. In that way he has sorter got his hand on the windpipes of all the mill people. When a man has got his thumb on your windpipe you naturally speaks civil to him when you meet him in the public road. Then he owns two of the mills, an' is on the board of directors of six others. These eight sorter set the pace when it is a question of wages, or hours, or holidays. Then he has got the press in his vest pocket, an' that is perhaps his greatest card."

"But he doesn't own any newspapers," interrupted Cullen. "I don't see how he can influence the press."

"You would if you knew the inside of some of these things better," returned the chief. "It is this way, he controls the newspapers through their advertising."

"But what has that got to do with the advertising?" queried the young man.

"A whole lot. You forget he owns the largest dry goods store in the city. Dry goods furnish the bulk

of advertising for the newspapers. He and his friends can shut off two thousand dollars of advertising a week in good times from any of the local papers. You see that would ruin any paper in a few weeks."

"I see," said Cullen reflectively.

"Then that isn't all. There is the advertising from the brewery. Dave has stock in that. The brewery in turn controls half a dozen saloons which it furnishes with capital, an' most of the drug stores fall into line when the brewery an' these saloons say the word.

Then Henderson owns several blocks in the city, including this one. He can always influence the people who rent from him to a greater or less degree. So you see he has got the whole thing in a bag with a string around the neck."

"Does the whole city know it is bound hand and foot?"

Not on your life," returned Kelley. "That is where Dave is a slick one. He is just as likely to start the papers hollerin' that the present city government, which is himself, is corrupt, an' get the people to rush in an' elect an entire new city government, which will also be composed of his own men. An' the people will swell out their chests an' tell what the ballot can do, an' talk about havin' a clean city government, an' lots of other tommyrot.

"But all this is second fiddle to Dave. He only runs it on the side. His business, of course, is his principal game. It is only when he wants a new

franchise, or a mill site, or the city inspectors to keep their hands off of his mill property that he really takes a hand in earnest. He leaves the city government to his henchmen usually.

McCullock attends to most of this business for him anyhow. He is a slick one. There ain't no scruples about Hugh. He'd put a knife in a man's back quick if he wanted to. You keep out of his way."

"Mr. Henderson is a rather nice sort of man himself isn't he?" asked Cullen, for it troubled him to learn that the father of Evelyn Hope could be so ruthless in his dealings with his fellow men.

"Best sort," replied Kelley promptly. "I like Dave fust rate. He is generous, good natured, and public spirited. He has been in more good enterprises in this city than a few. The trouble is that business is his God, and must have the right of way."

"It's a pity," said the young man with a deep sigh. "I like him myself. He has a way about him that you can't help but like."

"That's ole Dave's trump card," returned the chief, knocking the ashes from his pipe. "Everyone likes him. He'll pass for a philanthropist, or a pillar of the church, in almost any company, but I know him, an' he knows me. I ain't as straight as I would like to be. You see I have to play the game.

"Well, I've got to be goin', but you mind what I say. Keep on the right side of ole Dave if you can an' keep your self respect; at least don't go buckin' up agin' him. It ain't no use. He'll do you."

Chapter VII

THE HENCHMAN

Hugh McCullock, David Henderson's private secretary and general business manager, had been connected with the Henderson interests ever since he was a boy of fourteen.

His father, Sandy McCullock had been David Henderson's college chum, and the two had been close friends even after college days. So when McCullock had died while still a young man, leaving an orphaned son in his early teens, he left the penniless youth to the care of his old college chum.

Young McCullock had come into the Henderson family just after the death of Evelyn's mother, when the girl was three years old, and the two had been brought up together.

Although Hugh had come to Mr. Henderson penniless, yet he had done well by him, sending him to high school and business college, and putting him at once into the business.

He had shown an early aptitude for business, and Henderson had moulded him according to his own ideals, which were not of the highest.

While Hugh was still in the high school he had spent his summers working in the down town office, and this practice had been kept up all through his business college days, so when he was finally ready to devote all his time to his benefactor's interests,

he already had a very good idea of the working of the great machine that had made the Hendersons famous throughout New England.

He was possessed of even more than the usual Scotch shrewdness, and with that was coupled a not too nice unscrupulousness that made him an ideal henchman for Mr. Henderson as time went on.

It was this sly craftiness which the little girl was very quick to observe, even in small things about the home, that early prejudiced Evelyn against him. As she often expressed it, Hugh did not play fair. Whether it was marbles, or business, he was always inclined to cheat.

So while the girl in whose home he was reared formed an early antipathy for him, he, on the other hand, idolized her even from the days when she rolled a hoop on the sidewalk along the shady avenue. As time passed, and she grew to be a young woman, his early adoration ripened into a passionate love for her, which took all his native shrewdness and self-control to hide from his employer, although he never sought to hide it from the young lady herself.

There was no man in Mr. Henderson's employ that worked half as hard as McCullock. Early and late he was at the office planning, scheming, and worming himself into the Henderson secrets. As he was of an unscrupulous turn of mind, and often outschemed his chief in daring finesse, he was soon trusted with important affairs which were vital to the magnate.

When the railroad was negotiating with the city for the putting of all the tracks crossing Main street underground, it was McCullock who lobbied a bill through the legislature, whereby the city shouldered half of the expense, where the railroad should have borne all. In turn for this the railroad gave the Hendersons half of the rakeoff, and very substantial rate discounts on all their freight.

It was McCullock who railroaded the Millshaven traction companies' franchises through the city government, and secured exemption from taxes on all their property for twenty-five years, thus saving his employer many thousands of dollars.

But his greatest skill was in dealing with the labor difficulties which arose from time to time between the mill hands and their employers. He bullied, threatened, coaxed and cadjoled, and somehow, either by hook or crook, nearly always beat the committees of laboring men that came up to the offices on Main Street to have their grievances adjusted.

Of the real motive of young McCullock, the obtaining of his daughter's hand in marriage, David Henderson never so much as dreamed, so he took all the young man's devotion to business, and his slavish willingness to work night and day for his employer, as a tribute to himself and loyalty to the business. Thus, without the elder man ever suspecting his motive, he had wormed himself into the other's fullest confidence and esteem, and had also earned his unending gratitude for his long and faithful service.

There was no phase of the many business interests

that Henderson did not dare trust his henchman with, feeling sure that in many respects he would attend to his interests even better than he could himself. So while McCullock steadily gained ground with the father, who would as soon thought of doing without his right hand as without his faithful henchman, yet, on the other hand, he steadily lost ground with the daughter.

He took no pains to hide his passion for her when they were alone, as often happened in the Henderson home, and all of these exhibitions filled her with disgust and fear. She also deprecated his very close association with her father. While she really knew very little about the business yet she felt instinctively that McCullock's influence was bad. Especially was he ruthless and heartless concerning the help. To his avaricious mind they were but cogs in the great machine, and in no sense human beings with hopes and desires like his.

About a week after Chief Kelley's long talk with Cullen Haywood, in which he explained the intricacies of the Henderson business and methods to the younger man, the matter of acquiring the playground for the factory site came up in the Henderson office.

Mr. Henderson was sitting at his desk looking over the factory orders in the morning's mail, and the secretary was waiting for his opening. Finally, when the last letter was read it came.

"Mr. Henderson," said McCullock in his oily voice, —for he always flattered his employer—"That mat-

ter of the site for the mill comes up this week before the city government."

"It will go through, won't it?" asked Henderson, as he put the last letter in its envelope, and made a memorandum on the outside.

"I have canvassed the aldermen and councilmen, and we still lack three votes."

"Buy them," replied Henderson crisply.

"That is what I intend to do," returned McCullock, "but the hearing will make a stink. There will be a great howl that we are taking the playgrounds away from the poor people. Young Haywood is going to handle the case for the Civic Reform Club, and there are a lot of ministers in that bunch, and they will try and get the papers to make a fuss."

"I don't care anything about the ministers and the papers," returned Henderson, "but Haywood will probably make a great speech. He has a way with him that gets people."

"Let's buy him," said McCullock.

"All right. If you can," replied the chief. "Tell Daley and O'Brien to see him at once and offer him five thousand dollars a year for complete control of his time. Tell them to say that he may retain his office just as he has it, only he is to work for them. Tell them not to mention me on any account."

Thus it came about that Mr. Daley sauntered leisurely into Cullen Haywood's office that afternoon and laid the astounding proposition before the young man."

Daley and O'Brien was the leading law firm of the

city, and this offer meant immediate success for the young attorney, yet there was something mysterious about the offer, and he did not accept at once.

"Give me a day or two in which to think it over," he said, and Mr. Daley assented.

When the attorney reported to David Henderson the chief expressed his disgust at the lawyer's failure in no uncertain terms.

"That means he will turn the offer down," he said. "I know him. He is a righteous young cub, and he thinks he can buck up against me, but I'll show him. Daley, you and O'Brien appear before the city government when the hearing comes off, and if you don't snow this young whippersnapper under, you lose my business."

"All right, Sir," returned the attorney, and he left the office.

"Hugh," said Mr. Henderson, "it is too bad that we couldn't buy him. I hate a fuss."

All that morning Hugh McCullock had been wrestling with himself. His better judgement said wait, the time is not yet, but his desire, his feverish heart, that would not let him rest by day or night, said speak now. The thing had become unbearable. Even defeat was better than such suspense, so impulse, which was quite foreign to his nature, finally swept him off his feet, and he spoke.

"Mr. Henderson," he began, and the pounding of his heart made his own voice sound faint and far away to him, "there is one thing in the world I want above everything else. If I had that I would work

my head off for you. With that to inspire me I could down Haywood and all the rest of our enemies."

David Henderson wheeled about in his desk chair and fixed his secretary with a piercing stare, before which the young man quailed. He knew full well that his chief did not even dream of what he was speaking, and his astonishment and wrath could well be imagined, once he disclosed his purpose.

"Well," he said crisply, "I thought I was paying you pretty good wages, Hugh. There isn't a bank president in Millshaven who is drawing the salary you are this minute."

"Oh, it isn't money," groaned the younger man. "I almost hate money, it has made such a slave of me. I want Evelyn. I have loved her ever since she was a little girl, and I want her for my wife."

The older man sprang to his feet, and brought his fist down upon his desk until the ink bottles, pens and pencils rattled. "What is that you say, Hugh? I didn't hear right, did I? Repeat what you said. I want to know that I was not dreaming."

"No, you are not dreaming, Mr. Henderson, but I do not wonder you are surprised. I want to marry Evelyn Henderson."

This was not as he had intended to introduce the subject, but if he was not to fail before he had fairly begun he must bid high, so the secretary played his very highest card.

"I know, Mr. Henderson, that this must seem like the rankest presumption on my part to you, but I

can't help it. I know I am miles beneath her, but there are ways I can serve her. For instance, you will not always be able to care for her business interests. Some day you will have to lay down the load. Then if the wrong man marries your daughter all your fortune will be scattered. You could hardly find a man in the state who could handle the business better than I could."

There was one fear in Dave Henderson's mind, and that was the idea that some day his fortune and his business might disintegrate. He had built them both with such pains that the thought of their collapsing was maddening to him. He had often spoken of this to his secretary, and the wary Scotchman had always helped on the illusion—with the present crisis in view.

David Henderson's wrath subsided beneath this skillful persuasion almost as quickly as it had flared up, and he sat down heavily. He had always thought of Evelyn as marrying sometime. She was so desirable and capable of course every young man who saw her probably wanted to marry her. Why shouldn't they? But thus far the young lady herself had kept them all at bay. Of course she would marry into some important family, with money to match her own. A good alliance, just such a one as his own marriage had been, but this brazen proposition of his secretary's fairly took his breath away.

"Damn it all, Hugh," he finally managed to stammer. "You took me so by surprise I haven't gotten over it yet. Why even now I am half a mind to come

over there and thrash you, and then fire you. My daughter marry my secretary, the man whom I have raised, and fed and clothed! Why, man, that girl is worth her weight in gold! She ought to make a great match."

"That is true, Mr. Henderson," returned the other meekly. "I know she is worth her weight in gold, but supposing she married a rich young man, as you say, and he ultimately dissipated both her fortune and his own. There are few rich young men who know how to handle business interests like ours."

At these words from his henchman, the old bar sinister leaped up in David Henderson's mind once more.

McCullock was quick to see his advantage, and pressed the point still further. "You see you have worked so long and so hard to build up this business that I don't want to see it scattered," he said.

David Henderson groaned aloud, and the secretary chuckled inwardly. He had the old man on the run already.

"I know that is true," sighed Henderson. "The old saying, 'from shirtsleeves to shirtsleeves in three generations.' My grandfather worked in his shirtsleeves, and Dad did also, and it will be time for Evelyn's husband to get back to shirtsleeves. It is a damned shame that the American boys are so useless nowadays. Can't do anything but play golf and spend money, but no man shall get my daughter who can't take care of money."

"You would feel safe with me as far as the money

is concerned wouldn't you?" asked McCullock.

"Oh, yes," returned the other. "You would handle the money all right, but somehow I can't just stomach you yet for Evelyn. There is something fine about that girl, young man. I don't think you appreciate her. Have you said anything about it yet?"

"No," replied the secretary. "I wanted to get your consent first."

"Quite right," returned the other, mollified by the younger man's humility and deference to his wishes. "I guess you had better go rather slow. Evelyn has got ideas of her own. She isn't a girl any duffer can pick up and run off with."

McCullock's heart gave a great bound of triumph. He had gained his chief's partial consent, and that was the first step. True, his way was not yet clear, but he had won the first skirmish, although it had cost him years of waiting.

"Will you speak to her for me? I mean will you use your influence?" he asked when the two had sat in silence for several minutes.

"Why, yes. I don't know but I will," returned Henderson after a long pause. "I wouldn't do it though if it wasn't for the money. I have worked all my life like a dog, and I'm not going to see it all thrown away."

Chapter VIII

THE DOLLAR AND THE IDEAL

While Hugh McCullock had been working upon the fears and ambitions of his chief to further his suit with the great man's daughter, Cullen Haywood had been fighting the battle of his life in his own office, only two blocks away. But the young, blind lawyer's fight was not with external forces, but with internal hopes and desires that shook his being to its very foundation.

How unfortunate, he thought, as he sat with knitted brows and aching heart and struggled with himself, that his dearest hopes, and the path of plain duty were so divergent. It would be so easy to cast in his lot with the Hendersons, and there would not be anything really corrupt about it either. He could keep his own business methods clean, even if he were to give up his time to the law firm.

Would Miss Henderson understand his refusal to work for her father? He knew that she was loyal to him as few daughters are. It was very doubtful if she could understand all that was involved.

In one way it looked like sheer madness to turn down the Henderson proposition. He would not need to be mixed up in any of their nefarious schemes. He could refuse when it came to that, but on the other hand, if he gave in to them he would surrender

something of himself that he valued above mere money or position.

"Telephone, Mr. Haywood," interrupted Miss Kelley, and he was glad to leave the struggle and heartache for business. What a surcease from our life problems was work, work that made us forget!

"Mr. Haywood," began the voice that he loved to hear above all other voices in the whole world. His heart jumped for joy at the sound. She had been sent by fate to rescue him, and turn him to the right way, the plain, straight path of duty.

"Oh, that you, Miss Henderson?" he finally managed to stammer. "What can I do for you?"

"I am so glad for you Mr. Haywood. I want to offer my congratulations. I always knew you had it in you. I have always said you would succeed."

"Why, what do you mean?" he interrupted, a terrible foreboding at his heart.

"Daddy told me when he came home to lunch. He said that he had made you a fine offer through his attorneys."

"Did he tell you to call me up and congratulate me?" he asked, the words slipping out before he thought.

"Why,— well,— I — no, not exactly. He said you would be pleased to have me. Of course I would have done it myself."

"But he made sure that you would?" Again he had spoken impulsively, and it was hard not to let a shade of resentment creep into his voice.

"Why, what is the matter, Mr. Haywood?" con-

tinued the voice, and there was a shade of disappointment in it. "You don't seem half as pleased as I thought you would be."

The young man pulled himself together with a great effort. It was now or never. He must say the fateful words, and the sooner the better.

"I am not going to accept," he heard himself saying, and his voice sounded faint and far away, like someone else pronouncing his doom.

"Why not?" came back the inquiry, and it sounded very much like a challenge.

"Because I can't. They want me to give more than my services. They want myself, and that is something that no man can buy. I can't explain. I am more disappointed than you can possibly know, but that is final."

"Very well," she said, and he heard the click of the receiver as she rung off without even saying goodbye.

With a deep sigh he hung up his own receiver and went back to work.

Dinner at the Henderson mansion was always a sumptuous affair, presided over by David Henderson's irreproachable butler, Wellington, jocosely nicknamed the Duke by his master. This pompous person was one of the many things about his establishment that Mr. Henderson boasted of, and the ceremonious dinner each evening was greatly to David Henderson's liking, although he was a simple man himself. But his magnificent house, with its voluptuous furnishings and its servants were, to his mind,

symbols of power. They showed unmistakably what money could do.

Then to have his charming daughter sitting at the head of the table where her mother would have sat, was still another matter for congratulation. It seemed to David Henderson that his child had never looked so alluring as she did this evening in a beautiful dress of filmy white that set off her dark hair and blue gray eyes.

Hugh McCullock also thought her more lovely than ever, and as he stole a sly glance at her, and then at her father, a deep frown knitted the brows of the elder man. He knew full well of what the younger man was thinking, and the thought cast a shadow over the otherwise perfect meal.

From contemplating his daughter Henderson let his eye roam through the elegant dining room with its rich old mahogany, its heavy sideboard, and elegant silver. He had worked hard for all this. Nobody knew just how hard, and some day it would all be Evelyn's. He felt certain of his own power to hold all he had gained, but would the next generation be able to keep what he had gathered for them? Once more the old bugaboo arose. His fortune scattered to the four winds by an impractical son-in-law. Evelyn was a thousand times too good for his secretary, but as McCullock had said, maybe he was the only man who could successfully carry forward the Henderson schemes.

When the elaborate meal was finally over, Hugh McCullock went on to the veranda to smoke his eve-

ning cigar. He felt quite sure that Mr. Henderson would speak to his daughter that very night of his suit. If he did not after the scare he had given him that day, he never would. For half an hour he strode feverishly up and down the walk nearby the dining room, listening to the heated coloquy within. He could only catch a word now and then, but even those snatches told him that the subject nearest his heart was under discussion, and he could also gather that there was a radical difference of opinion.

"What makes you look at me so intently tonight, Daddy?" asked Evelyn, when McCullock had gone and they were alone. She always felt relieved when he had left the room. She did not really fear him, rather she despised him, but she knew him to be a person of great power over her father, and that was what she feared.

"Anyone would look twice at you, Kittens," replied David Henderson, biting off the end of a cigar, and lighting it. "I am going to sit here in the dining room for a little while and smoke. I want to smoke, and besides I want to talk to you. I've always been a good father to you, haven't I, Evelyn?"

"Why, of course, Daddy. What makes you ask that silly question?"

David Henderson smoked for several minutes without making reply. Then he said slowly, and it was apparent that he did not find it easy to continue, "I suppose you will marry some time won't you, Evelyn?"

The girl's rich laugh bubbled up freely. "Is that

all that is worrying you, Daddy? If it is, we will dismiss that possibility for a long time. I haven't the slightest notion of getting married. You see I haven't found the one man yet, and I couldn't marry anyone else."

"What do you mean by the one man?" asked her father shortly.

"Why, the one man that I could love all my days as I could none other. The one for whom I could give my life if it were necessary."

"Stuff and nonsense!" snorted Henderson. "Sensible folks don't believe in love any more. That is a remnant of the dark ages. Nowadays men and women consider whether they are making a good alliance or not. Whether they will get as much as they give or not. Why, your mother and I didn't even think of such a thing as love!"

"So much the more reason why I should," returned the girl. "One loveless marriage in a family is enough for several generations. I shall have to marry for love just because you and mother didn't."

"Evelyn!" exclaimed her father, getting up and pacing excitedly up and down the room. "All my life I have labored to make this city and my own fortune. Look at this city, Girl! There are more people coming and going in our factories than in any other city of its size in the whole world. Why, this city is a giant, and I made her! There isn't her equal anywhere on the globe."

"It is the noisiest, dirtiest, and most disagreeable city I ever saw, if that is what you mean, Daddy."

"What has that got to do with it? Noise and dirt are signs of business. Noise and dirt never hurt anyone."

"I didn't used to think so myself until I began working in the slums of Millshaven, but now I am sure they do. They breathe disease and crime, and dwarf men's souls."

"Well, there isn't any use of you and I discussing sociology, as you call it. I say this city is better housed and fed than its inhabitants deserve, a darned sight, but that is neither here nor there. What I was coming to is this. Some day you will marry, and I can't see my fortune scattered by a fool son-in-law. God, child! You don't know how I have worked for it. It has got to be safe, and love, or no love, you will have to marry a man who can look out for the Henderson interests."

"I shall be glad to marry such a man if I love him, but I must love him, Daddy."

"Wouldn't you marry the right man if he should happen around even if you didn't love him, if I said so?" he asked, bending his stern gaze full upon her. It was a look that made men quail down in the city, but she met it squarely, with a clear light in her serene thoughtful eyes. Her chin had that tilt that David Henderson knew so well.

As he looked her squarely in the face, somehow he had the impression that she was weighing and analyzing him, and that he came very near to being found wanting.

Her reply was clear and without a quaver. There

was no anger in it, but it sounded sorrowful and tired. "No, Daddy," she said, "I could not marry a man I did not love even for you. I owe that to mother and myself."

A dark purple mounted to Henderson's face, but he controlled himself with a great effort.

His next words though, fairly took her breath away. "Hugh McCullock spoke to me about you to-day, Evelyn," he said thickly. "He loves you, and he wants to marry you. He is not just your sort, but he has got brains. I am not satisfied with him myself, but you might look further and fare worse. He could handle the money, and that is the principal thing. I told him I would speak to you about it."

Her father was entirely unprepared for her next mood, but as he often said, you never could tell which way a woman would jump.

While he had been speaking a dark rich red mounted to the girl's face, which he mistook for maidenly modesty, and not for shame.

"Oh, Daddy," she sobbed, and her voice cut him like a knife. "Do you hold me as cheap as that?"

Vainly he strove to comfort her, but it was useless. With her face buried in her hands she sobbed as he had not heard her since she was a little girl.

"Hang it all, Evelyn," he snapped, after listening to the heartbroken sobs for several minutes, "Quit it! I hold you much higher than you do yourself. You would throw yourself away on any beggar that happened along if you loved him, while I would have you make a good marriage, but we will not say any

more about it now. It doesn't matter that I have slaved and sweated, you can scatter it all if you want to but stop crying, I can't stand it," and he went out, slamming the door.

No woman who has been even indirectly humiliated by a man likes to have that man behold her humiliation, so Evelyn Henderson's temper was not improved any when she glanced up a few minutes later and saw Hugh McCullock standing in the dining room door watching her. She had just wiped away the last trace of tears and was putting away her handkerchief. He was smiling, and she interpreted the look upon his dark, rather handsome face as a look of triumph.

"You have been listening," she flared, with as much scorn as she could put into the words. "I did not imagine you would eavesdrop upon me."

He flushed to the very roots of his sandy hair. "You wrong me," he said, in an even tone. "I would not do such a thing."

"I don't think your scruples would trouble you if you thought it was for your advantage."

He crossed the room quickly to her, and put out his hand. She arose as quickly, and placed a chair between them, and stood facing him, with blazing eyes. "Don't come near me," she cried. "I don't want you to touch me. It is bad enough to have to breathe the same air with you."

"Evelyn," he said, mastering his rising wrath with difficulty, "Why do you hate me so? God only knows how I love you. I have loved you ever since

you were a little girl. Haven't I always been like a brother to you?"

"No brother would ever have schemed all these years as I see now you have to weave a net about me. Father never would have dreamed of such a thing as he suggested to me tonight if you had not put the idea into his head, and then fostered it by devilish cunning. You are a smart man all right, Mr. McCullock, but I do not love you, and I never will."

"It is not a question of love," he returned. You will be a rich woman some day, Evelyn, then who will help you keep what you have, and add to it? That is what worries your father."

"Don't you dare call me Evelyn again. That name is only for my friends, and I do not class you among them. You love my money and not me, and even if you did love me I could not love you even if you were the last man in the world. I must respect and trust a man before I can love him."

The hand that he held out to her shook, and he controlled himself with difficulty, his breath coming in deep gasps. "Your father trusts me as he trusts no other man," he said. "You respect his judgment don't you?"

"You have hypnotized him," she returned. "You have wormed yourself into his confidence until he can do nothing else."

"That is right," he sneered. "He can do nothing else. I could shake the Henderson edifice to its foundation if I chose. We haven't always worked

above board. There are things that would blacken even your name if they were to get out."

"I will tell Daddy what you say."

A look of fear came into his intent eyes. "I spoke unadvisedly," he said. "Don't repeat a word of it. I would do anything for your father and you."

"Then cut out this love talk," she retorted. "You are my father's secretary, and I am Miss Henderson to you, that's all."

Shrewd man that he was, McCullock saw no advantage was to be gained by further talk, so he retreated gracefully. "Please forgive me," he said. "Everything shall be as you say. I love you too much to trouble you. Good night. Won't you shake hands with me as a sign of my forgiveness?"

She extended her hand quickly, and as he clasped it he looked full into here sincere eyes. "Tell me one thing," he said. "Is there anyone else you love, so you can't love me?"

A deep rich red mantled her face to the very roots of her dark brown hair, and she freed her hand quickly.

"I thought so," he said. "That was what I wanted to know. Good night."

"I see I can't trust you in little things," she said wearily. "You are the same old Hugh who used to cheat in marbles, and who lied to your teacher."

Chapter IX

THE TOILERS AND THEIR FRIENDS

The toilers all lived upon the first terrace close to the river. Their shabby abodes stretched away from the great mills in every direction. It did not matter where, so long as none of them got upon the second terrace where the middle class lived. They were a conglomerate people drawn from a score of countries in the old world. There were dark eyed, dark faced Jews, many of them subjects of the Czar. Some of them could tell of the horrors of Kitchenoff, and all were the sons and daughters of persecution. Then there were Lithuanians, neighbors of the Russian Jews in the old world, with Poles from Austria, Germany and Poland. Dark Italians also had cast their lot with the other emigrants to Millshaven, and Armenians and Greeks were there, each bringing their peculiar traits and characteristics. Millshaven was like a great boiling, seething cauldron, evolving from this strange mixture the future American.

Out of their shabby beds, if they were fortunate enough to possess such luxuries, and if not up from the hard floor, they all sprang in the early morning hours, when scores of deep throated whistles sounded the rising slogan.

They swallowed their coarse food like hungry animals, thankful if there was enough, and then down

a score of streets and alleys they streamed to the day's work.

It was a stirring sight to see those thousands of toilers, the grist of the great mills, all hurrying along the dirty streets, silent, heavy featured, and often sullen, each hurrying to deposit the day's strength upon the altar of manufacture.

All day long, before humming, roaring, whining, shrieking machines they would stand, silent and watchful, feeding the raw material into these hungry mouths, weaving the fabrics of the world. There was no art and no variety about their work. It was just one endless round of weary motions. Movements as quick and unerring as the flashing spindles and shuttles, for these people were all automatoms. They were all parts of the great system. The machines were constantly calling for more and more. It was not work into which they could put their hearts or their brains, but merely their muscle. These swift running machines did not ask for their ingenuity, but merely for their strength.

They were the pulp, the raw material themselves from which machines almost as intelligent as they would weave the finished product. If their faces were dull and expressionless what could one expect from these human cogs. So were the great machines, and the part could not be larger or more beautiful than the grim, terrible whole.

Out of squalor and poverty they came in the morning, and back to poverty and squalor they returned at night. If there had been a hope ahead, a thought

that some day it might be different, the struggle would have been more hopeful, but there was no such promise.

Down all the narrow streets and alleys children swarmed like ants upon an ant hill. Children, dark and light, Semitic and Gallic, Latin and Teuton, dirty, ragged, and often hungry. These some day might shake off the misery and squalor, but that was merely a hope for the next generation.

The public schools of Millshaven, and some philanthropic men and women were doing their best to help, but it was little they could do where the human need was so great.

It was to such conditions as these that Cullen Haywood had turned his attention when first coming to Millshaven. It was for such people as these that Evelyn Henderson had partly dedicated her life —as much of it as was not demanded by her immediate family. As she had once told her father, she was going to try to clean up some of the dirty places in Millshaven.

Haywood had himself organized several boys' clubs, among which was a famous hiking club. This club, composed of perhaps fifty boys from the very toughest portions of the city, he took Sunday afternoons to the woods. There was always a scramble to see who would go on Mr. Haywood's either hand as guides, and this privilege was kept as a sort of reward of merit for faithful service during the week.

In these rambles Cullen taught the boys his precious store of woodcraft. Not only did these young

gamins learn to tell most of the song birds by their notes, and to know their nesting places and habits, but their teacher also taught them reverence for all the beauty and wonder of the out-of-doors.

While the hiking clubs were Cullen Haywood's favorite device for putting sunshine and beauty into these sordid young lives, yet there were many side issues. At the young lawyer's suggestion, the physical instructor of the Y. M. C. A. organized a base ball league in which each boys' club was represented with a team. Then there were industrial boys' clubs run in connection with the evening schools. In all these movements for the betterment of the boy in Millshaven, Cullen Haywood was at the front advising, lecturing, and helping with his slight means.

The young lawyer had delivered a lecture just after his coming to Millshaven upon the necessity of plenty of healthy, invigorating play for children, pointing out in the course of his remarks that happiness was as essential to the growth of a child as sunlight, food, and clothing. At the close of the talk, David Henderson, who did not often attend lectures, replied with a vigorous protest. He had characterized the lecture as all bunk, saying that this idea that children must play all the time was stuff and nonsense. The one thing the children of the present time needed was work and more of it. "Work," he declared, "never hurt anyone yet, and play was spoiling the nation."

Nothing daunted by the great man's criticism, young Haywood had repeated his lecture before oth-

er Millshaven citizens until he had finally gotten the majority of them to believe that play was the salvation of the child.

While the young lawyer was busy planning and working for the boys of Millshaven, Evelyn Henderson was no less active for the girls. She organized the Cotton Mill Girls' Club, the Paper Mill Girls' Club, the Young Mothers' Club, and the girls' sewing clubs.

The first very serious clash between Evelyn and her father came over the taking of the city playground in South Millshaven for a mill site.

Cullen Haywood had made a great speech in behalf of the children's playground, and as David Henderson had prophesied, it had made "some stink". But that did not hinder the city government from selling the playground to the corporation.

Not only did the corporation get what they wanted, but the city government expressed itself as greatly gratified that a new industry was coming to town, and the daily press the following day printed editorials along the same line, so Cullen's defeat was complete and overwhelming

Probably no one else took this defeat as much to heart as did the young lawyer and Evelyn Henderson. The South Millshaven playground had been their pet scheme for the children of the city. A little two story club building had been erected the year before on the playground, and here Miss Henderson's girls' clubs, and the young lawyer's boys'

clubs had met. This was their home, and although they were recompensed for the building, yet they had to break up housekeeping, and go to a less desirable street. But it was the feeling that the work of their hands had been destroyed which hurt. The thing that struck the most terror to the heart of both Haywood and Miss Henderson, however, was the fact that the playground was adjacent to the switchyards, and it had been partly to toll the children, especially the boys, out of the switchyard that the playground had been opened.

Miss Henderson had called her father's attention to this fact the day they began breaking ground for the new buildings. She had watched the little brick clubhouse come tumbling down, the merry-go-round taken away, the swings and seesaws loaded into wagons, and she had felt as if this were the end of the world.

"Daddy," she said in her coaxing way, seating herself on the arm of her father's easy chair while he sat smoking his after dinner cigar, "it is going to be awful down there in South Millshaven with the children's playground gone. The children will go into the switchyard to play, and you know how many accidents there was before we established the playground."

"So you have got this play bug have you? Probably caught it from young Haywood. Well, I haven't any patience with it. Children are no better than grownups. Catch um young and set um to work,

that's my motto. My father was a rich man, but I wasn't pampered and spoiled. I was set to work. Worked summers always after I was twelve years of age. That was what made a man of me. If I had been encouraged to play all the time I should have been lazy. That is what you and your foolish people are doing, making the boys and girls lazy. I am glad the playground is gone. I am sorry, of course, because you were interested in it, but it was no place for a playground. There isn't anything but poor children there, and poor children should be encouraged to work."

Sighing, Evelyn slipped down from her vantage ground on the arm of her father's chair. It was useless to talk with him when he was in this mood. She knew he honestly felt he was right. It was an old unwritten law that the children of the poor must work. She could not gainsay him there.

"But Daddy," she said as a last argument, "you don't want to see them killed in the freight yards do you?"

"That's their look out," replied Henderson. "I can't furnish playgrounds for the whole city. If they play in the switchyards they must take their chances. I'm not their keeper."

"I would to heaven you were, Daddy," the girl returned passionately.

"Why," he asked in that sharp, decisive way that he had when greatly incensed.

"So that when the next generation grows up it

will not come around with a red flag and burn your mills down. That is the tendency to-day. The magnate of the present time has got to stand in well with the future generation, or his children will have trouble with the children of his present help."

"Stuff and nonsense," he snorted. "I know there is a lot of growing tommryrot talk about the country tending towards socialism and anarchy, but I guess the militia can attend to the next generation. It always has been able to protect property."

"That would be all right, Daddy, if the militia was composed of millionaires and mill owners, but it is composed of the rank and file of the people, and that is where the trouble will come. They won't fire upon their own."

David Henderson scratched his head and glared at his daughter. He wanted to swear, but he always tried to be a gentleman in her presence. He knew full well that he was not of her fine fiber. That there was some truth in what she said, he also knew, but it was his policy never to admit the rights of the other side, so he put up the usual bluff.

"Anyone would think you really knew something about these things," he said in a mollified voice. "Let's talk about women's dress, Kittens. I think I know as much about that as you do about the mill problems."

"All right," she laughed. "How do you like my new gown?"

"Fine," he apostrocized. "I have been admiring it all the evening."

Her merry laugh filled the room. "That proves just how much you observe women's gowns. This dress is two years old, and you did not know the difference."

Chapter X

A PROPHESY FULFILLED

The afternoon following the interview with her father Miss Henderson went slumming in one of the worst portions of the city. In these slums the blocks were low, ramshackly, wooden affairs, dirty and foul, and most of them were fire traps of the worst description. There were plenty of city ordinances regulating such buildings, but these disgraceful tenements were often owned by rich influential people, so the inspector was not too critical, and often shut his eyes where they should have been wide open.

Calling in these tenement houses, leaving food, money, clothes and medicine, was a sort of penalty that Miss Henderson inflicted upon herself two or three days each week, and also she always found keen pleasure in bringing sunshine and happiness into these unfortunate lives.

There was no doctor in Millshaven who would not attend a poor patient free of charge at her request, and she was called the lady bountiful by the poor of the city, and was as much beloved as her father was hated.

She had made her round of visits and was coming home in the small motor car that she always used for such trips, tired, yet happy with the thoughts of an afternoon well spent.

The street that she took led by the old playground

which was now a great quadrangle of brick walls, showing plainly the outlines of the mammoth factories which would soon take the place of the merry playground.

Just as she turned a corner leading up town to the main street, she heard her name called sharply by a man's voice, and turning, she saw Chief Kelley standing on the curb close to her. He was holding the limp figure of a small boy in his strong arms, and his usually smiling Irish face was troubled.

"I say, Miss Henderson," he said as soon as she had brought her car to a stop close by him, "I am waiting for the ambulance, but it is forever in coming. Don't you want to take me and this scrap of humanity up to the hospital? We can go a good deal quicker in the automobile. You may save his life,"

To be useful to the city's poor was the girl's greatest pleasure in life, so she gladly assented.

The Chief had been standing with his small burden partly hidden from her by his broad shoulder, as he turned to get into the car, she noticed with a thrill of horror that the boy's foot was horribly mangled, and a cord was tied tightly about the leg just below the knee. At the sight of the bright blood dripping freely on the green rug in the bottom of the car, a faintness came over the girl. It was all she could do to steady her nerves enough to run the car.

"How did it happen?" she asked finally in a subdued voice when they were out on the smooth quiet avenue leading to the hospital.

"The poor little devil was playing in the switch-yard," returned the Chief soberly. "Of course he had no business there, but they have to play somewhere."

The kind Irishman was so busy with the small boy, trying to hold him tenderly, and to keep the car from jolting him, that he did not notice how pale the girl became at his words.

Of course he had not meant anything personal by saying they must play somewhere, but it was just what she had told her father, almost the identical words, and now it sounded like an accusation, a personal incrimination. For her the afternoon that had begun so happily with helping the poor was made hideous.

When the burly Irishman finally came out of the hospital his countenance was grave. It's a bad job," he said. "The foot has got to come off. Someone ought to go for the lad's mother at once. You don't know where she lives, do you? Could you do it? I am asking a lot of you to-day."

"I shall be only too glad to," she replied.

How well she knew, and hated, the dirty, dingy street where she was going for the boy's mother. She had been making calls there that very afternoon. Upon the city map it had some pretentious name, but it was generally known to newspaper men, and to the police as Hell's Alley, the abode of more crime and vice than any other street in the city.

Evelyn found Terrance's mother hanging out a dingy little wash of ragged clothes on the roof, and

when she broke the news to her, the poor woman fell into violent weeping.

"The Lord have mercy on us! Me poor bye! Him lamed for life, an' the only child I have who can earn a cint, an' Mike drunk half the time, an' niver sure uv a job. What shall I do? How can I iver pay the hospital bill?"

"Don't worry about that, Mrs. Flynn," said Evelyn, "I will pay his doctor's bill and the hospital bill."

"The Lord bless you, Miss! It's a kind hearted colleen that ye are."

It was not until they came within sight of the hospital that she asked suddenly, "An' who be you, Miss? I ought to have remimbered me manners before."

"I am Miss Henderson," said Evelyn, for once not feeling proud of the name.

The effect upon the ignorant woman was electric. She glared at the young lady as though she would annihilate her. "You ole Dave Henderson's darter?" she hissed.

"Why, yes," replied the girl quickly, not foreseeing the trend of the other's thought.

"You let me out, you spalpeen," fairly shrieked the other. "I wouldn't hev rid a inch with you ef I had knowed. It's you an' your father that hev murthered me poor bye by drivin' him into the switch-yard to play. You let me out," and she seized Evelyn's arm roughly.

"We will be there in a moment. I will stop the machine as soon as we get there."

"You'll stop it this minute," fairly screamed Bridget Flynn. "I won't ride wid yez, you murtherer."

Miss Henderson slowed down the machine, and the furious woman scrambled over the side, not waiting for the door to be opened. As her feet touched the pavement she turned and shook her fist at the girl.

"I hate you," she hissed. "You take away the chillers' playground an' drive um into the freight-yard, and then come palaverin' around giving poor, heartbroken mothers rides in your fine ottymobile. The curse of a poor woman on yez. I hate you" and with a parting shake of her fist she hurried into the hospital.

"Poor woman!" sobbed the girl as she turned the machine about. "It is all true."

"Father," said Miss Henderson that night when dinner was over, and David Henderson had lighted his cigar, "Won't you come out into the garage? I want to show you something."

She had been very quiet during the meal, and her father was troubled by her manner.

"Sure," he said, getting up and following her. "What do you want of the lantern?"

"I want to show you something."

"All right, Kittens," he replied.

She led the way to her little automobile, and holding the lantern inside, pointed to some red splotches on the green carpet.

"Do you see that, Father?" she said in a low voice. "That is blood, Daddy, blood."

"Why, my child!" cried David Henderson, in alarm. "Did you have an accident? Were you hurt? Why did you not tell me before?"

"No," she replied slowly. "I was not in an accident. If I had been I could bear it better. That is the blood of a little Irish boy who was run over in the switchyard this afternoon. Chief Kelley was coming out of the yard with him when I happened by, and I took them both to the hospital."

"Damn Kelley," growled Henderson. "He had no right to ask such a thing of you. I will give him a going over that he will remember."

"You will say nothing to him, Father. He had every right to ask me. This was our accident, Father. Yours and mine. We are the guilty ones. That blood is on our heads."

David Henderson looked at his daughter in amazement. "It has stirred you all up," he said kindly. "Kelley had no right to ask you to do such a thing. I am awfully sorry you had to see it."

"I am glad I saw it," she returned stoutly. "It is my responsibility and yours, Father, don't forget that," and she held the lantern up full in his face, and looked him fearlessly in the eye.

David Henderson's face flamed crimson. Every drop of blood in his body was boiling with anger, yet he held his tongue, and simply glared down at the pale girl, who returned his gaze steadily. For a full minute they stood thus, steel pitted against steel, and then the mans' eyes fell.

"Well, I am sorry," he said. "I will pay the hos-

pital bill, and I will have Ferguson clean up the car in the morning."

"Daddy, that car can stand there until it rots, but I will never ride in it again."

"Very well," he returned, and followed her into the house.

For a week the automobile stood unused in the garage. Evelyn went and came from her charitable visits in the street cars, or on foot. She might not have gone into the garage for a month had it not been for Ferguson. He was sprinkling the lawn one day as she passed him and he stopped her saying apologetically, "I beg your pardon, Miss. It is none of my business, but there is a new car in the garage. I will bring it around if you say so."

"Thank you, Ferguson," returned the girl kindly, "I'll not use it to-day. Tomorrow perhaps."

Chapter XI

AN ENEMY IN THE DARK

Katherine Kelley, with her woman's intuitions, was the first to scent danger when Hugh McCullock took the office next to Cullen Haywood's. She broke the news to him one morning just after he came in.

"You can't guess who has taken the office next to ours," she said.

"Give it up," he laughed.

"It's Hugh McCullock," she imparted in a stage whisper. "I'm not sure but the transom is open this very minute, and someone is listening, so I am speaking low."

Her employer's only immediate comment on the news was a long, low whistle.

"What do you think of it?" she asked after a moment, seeing that he was not going to comment voluntarily.

"I don't think," was the laconical reply. "Why, I guess it is all right. Of course he has a right to use the office as long as Henderson owns the block. Perhaps he's more liable to keep it permanently than we are ours. We are liable to get kicked out any moment."

"Well, I don't like it," she said. "It worries me, and I wish he had kept away. He gives me the creeps."

"We won't cross any bridges until we come to

them," replied Haywood. They will loom up fast enough."

Who took the office key, and for what purpose, when it was missing an hour or two the following forenoon, neither Katherine nor her employer could puzzle out. An old locksmith down in the southern part of the city said that he made a duplicate for such a key the same day that the Haywood key disappeared, but who it was for he could not tell. So much Mike Kelley managed to ferret out for Cullen Haywood.

The keys were not missed until nearly twelve o'clock, when Miss Kelley went out for lunch, and found them on the sill outside the door when she returned.

"They probably jarred out when someone opened the door," explained her employer. "I guess there is no mystery about it."

"Then they would have fallen on the inside of the door," objected Katherine.

"Some one might have kicked them over the threshhold," he countered, and there they let the matter rest until a week later. Then the cause of the missing keys was made clear to the blind lawyer, although it was very difficult for him to make this plain to those who wanted to think evil of him.

Miss Kelley came in from lunch, as usual, at half past one. She could hear the clicking of the typewriter even before she reached the door, so knew her employer was typewriting on his own account. But to her great astonishment, when she turned the

door knob she discovered that the door was locked. She tapped softly on the panel, and called Mr. Haywood to open. He came quickly and turned the knob, thinking that the stenographer had her hands full of bundles, but to his great surprise found the door locked.

"You have locked the door on the outside," he said. "You will have to unlock it. The key isn't here."

"It's under my hat on the safe," she explained, each moment growing more mystified.

Just then Mr. McCullock very casually came out of his office, and a real estate man on the other side of the hall also appeared. "What's the matter?" he asked.

"Why, the door is locked," explained Miss Kelley. "I don't understand it. I didn't lock it when I went out. It is the queerest thing, and the keys were under my hat on the safe. Mr. Haywood is unlocking it now."

While she was still speaking, the door swung open, and the three people stood facing each other on the threshhold.

"What did you lock me in for, Miss Kelley," inquired the lawer. "The building might have caught fire, and I been burned to a crisp."

"I didn't lock you in. I didn't even go near the keys when I went out. I went without my hat."

Then Katherine's gaze fell upon a figure across the office at one of the windows, which she had not noticed before, and a flash of intelligence illumined her

brain. It was Zarwie Azirian the pretty young scrubwoman washing the windows. Even then Miss Kelley might not have been enlightened as to the meaning of the locked door had she not happened to glance up at McCullock, and caught the ugly sneer on his dark face.

"You seem to have company, Mr. Haywood," he said blandly.

Then the scrubwoman, glancing up, saw the crimson face of the stenographer and the sneering look of the Scotchman, whom she knew well. Flushing a dark and angry red, she took up her pail of water, and swept out of the room without finishing her work.

McCullock and the real estate man went laughing to the elevator, and Katherine knew the scandal would be all over Millshaven before night. Her employer was slower to realize the thing that had happened to him.

"I guess we know why the key was stolen now, Mr. Haywood," she said, with tears in her eyes.

"It is a nasty trick," exclaimed Haywood, pacing up and down the office in uncontrolled wrath, but it can't hurt me any. I didn't even know the door was locked."

"I know you didn't," returned Katherine warmly, "but I am probably about the only person in Millshaven who will believe it."

At that suggestion a tremor of fear ran through the young lawyer's veins. Would Miss Henderson believe evil of him? She would surely get the very

worst possible version of the story. Would she believe it?

Miss Henderson's enlightenment as to the scandal came that very evening at the dinner table. She was too little versed in the intrigues of politics and business to even dream that the careless conversation between her father and McCullock was a framup, and that it had been carefully rehearsed in the office. It all seemed too casual a bit of news, and David Henderson evinced such evident surprise when McCullock nonchalantly told of the affair she was completely deceived as to their part. Although her cheek burned and her heart cried out against believing such a story, yet she dared not contradict them. She could not afford to give McCullock the satisfaction of knowing how much the news had shocked her.

"Well, it is rather incredible," said Henderson. "I had always considered him a sort of moral crank. He is always preaching clean politics and straightforward business."

"I don't believe a word of it! It is just one of Hugh's lies." The fatal words were out. She could have bitten her tongue off for having spoken them, but the mischief was done so she backed the words up with a brave front.

McCullock assumed a grieved, subdued air. He could afford to hold his temper this time as that would best serve his ends. He had a very high trump card this deal, and he fully intended to take a trick with it.

"You don't need to take my word for it," he returned blandly. "You can ask Miss Kelley. She saw the whole affair. You know her."

"You had better find out a little about it, Kittens, before you gad about with him any more doing settlement work. If it is true he isn't a fit companion for you."

The girl made no reply, but to cover up her shame and anger, retired from the dining room.

Even Cullen Haywood, astute lawyer that he was, did not fully appreciate the fix he was in until he entered the office the next day, and found Miss Kelley pacing up and down in uncontrollable wrath.

"They have got it in the paper, Mr. Haywood! I told you we were in for it. What do you think of that?"

"Can't tell until I have heard it," he returned solemnly. His honor was dearer than his life, and he had never dreamed that it could be assailed.

"Here it is, the miserable, dirty sheet!

AN AMUSING SCANDAL ON MAIN STREET

A well known Main Street stenographer on returning to her employer's office yesterday afternoon found the door locked. Her employer, a brilliant young lawyer, who has been preaching from the text "Clean up your city," ever since he struck town was closeted inside with a pretty scrubwoman—probably on legal business.

The young man himself evinced much aston-

ishment when his attention was called to the locked door.

Throwing stones at other people is very dangerous business especially when one happens to live in a glass house. Perhaps in the future we will hear less about cleaning up our city. We are sorry for the scrub woman and the stenographer, and even for the lawyer himself, for he was doing well in his profession and was popular."

"Very clever," was all that Cullen said. "Much more effective than as though they had used my name. I have got to fight for my very existence if I am to live in this city. Now here is where you had better get out, Katherine. Perhaps it will cost you your reputation to stay in the office any longer, and besides, there is probably more trouble ahead."

Katherine slammed the paper down on the desk, and tumbled the office furniture about savagely for several minutes before making any reply.

"I don't see you putting on your hat," said Cullen. But seriously, Miss Kelley, I think perhaps it would be the best thing for you to leave. That would let you out of the whole matter and keep your reputation above reproach."

"You just stop your noise, will you? I am Irish. I have got red hair, and I am a fighter. Do you think I am going to let a lot of crooks drive me out of an honest man's office? Not on your life! They won't get me unless they burn the building down.

I'm on the job as long as you want me."

Hot tears filled the young man's eyes. He turned to his desk to hide them. "It's awfully good of you, Katherine," he choked from behind a pile of law books, "but I am afraid I ought not to allow you to stay."

The ringing of the telephone on the desk at his elbow forestalled her reply.

"What's that you say?" asked Cullen, answering the call. Why, what do you mean? Oh, yes. I see. Certainly, it is your building, and you can do what you like with it. Why, yes. When the lease has expired."

"I am not so sure but what you will have to leave my office anyhow," he said to Katherine, hanging up the receiver. "Perhaps I won't have an office much longer. McCullock has served notice on us that we must move when the lease expires. It is lucky that it runs for a couple of months. Something may turn up in the meantime."

It was the most natural thing in the world that Miss Henderson should call up that afternoon and excuse herself from visiting the Newsboys' and Girls' Club rooms with Cullen. He expected it, and would have been surprised if she had not. He had fully intended to call her up himself, and make some excuse why he could not go.

"She might have waited and found out a little more about it," sputtered Katherine indignantly.

"Oh, that is all right. I couldn't have gone anyway. I was going to telephone myself, but she got

ahead of me. I couldn't very well expect anything else."

The lecture before the Associated Ladies' Club of the city which had been scheduled for the following week went the way of the appointment with Evelyn, and he did not feel it half as much.

"I can't blame them," apologized Cullen. "Of course they have got to keep respectable. They can't be chaperoning tainted lecturers."

Mike Kelley dropped in just as they were about to close up the office with a bit of news that added spice to the day. "Mr. Haywood," he said, "I am afraid that you are in wrong with the powers that be. A report is being circulated among the foreign population in South Millshaven that you sold out the children's playground. It is said that if you had not been bribed to give in at the last moment to the mill people, the playground might have been saved.

"I have told everyone that I saw it was a dirty lie, and no one but a fool would believe it, but there are lots of fools in this world; and besides it is being sown broadcast. Someone must have paid to spread the news."

"Those people won't believe it, will they, Mr. Kelley? Why, I have been working for them ever since I came here."

"There is no telling just what they will believe," replied Mike. They are a bad lot, most of them, according to my way of thinking. I am not very strong about getting into the pig pen myself to help the pig. You are pretty sure to get muddy. You see

they are circulating the report about the scrubwoman and the locked door also, and that helps the other story out. They have the newspapers to substantiate that."

"Well," sighed Cullen, "it looks pretty bad. I never dreamed that respectable men fought that way."

"You are not fighting a respectable man when you fight McCullock," growled the chief. "He is the devil's very own. Old Dave never would be in any such business as this if McCullock did not put him up to it. Five to one he don't even know all McCullock is doing. He is naturally a rather decent sort, no worse than lots of other big business men."

Even Katherine Kelley was of two minds a week later as to whether her employer's advice to get out had not been good after all. She had noted many half veiled insinuations about her employer, and even thought she discerned a coolness among her friends, but all this she bore in high disdain. It was not until the Millshaven People's Savings Bank gave warning of foreclosure in a three thousand dollar loan on the little cottage in which the Kelleys lived that Katherine appreciated to the full what risk she ran in standing by the man whom the great business interests in Millshaven had decided to kill off.

Cullen found his faithful stenographer in tears one morning when coming to the office, and the story of the foreclosure was told amid heartbroken sobs.

"It wouldn't be so hard," wailed Kitty, "if poor Margaret had not put a thousand dollars of her hard

earned money into the place. Think of saving a thousand dollars out of eight dollars a week, and then have a greedy bank gobble it all up! I can't imagine why they have done it. They have always been pleasant, and we have always kept the interest up."

"Let's look up their last report and see who their directors and investing committee are. You will find it in yesterday's paper."

"There is nothing in this that will give us a clue as to why they are going to sell us out," said Katherine in a discouraged tone.

"Isn't McKnight chairman of the investing committee?"

"Why, yes, but what has that got to do with it?"

"Everything. He is Henderson's partner in the big department store. Henderson is striking me through you. You see they don't even respect the widows and orphans. But I guess we'll block their little game this time. You said it was only three thousand. I have a little money. It is some that my uncle and aunt left me. It is only drawing four per-cent in the bank, and I would like to see it drawing five. You call up the bank and tell them that you don't want to wait for their time limit. Say you and I will meet them at the courthouse at two to-day, and pay off the mortgage."

"Ought we to let you?" objected Katherine. It will save the roof over our heads, but can you afford to do it?"

"I can't afford not to. It is the one condition under which I consent to keep you any longer in the office. If I can't do this I discharge you, Katherine Kelley. I got you into this mess and it is up to me to get you out."

Chapter XII

A TRIAL OF STRENGTH

"It is very much like modern warfare," observed Cullen, with a rueful smile. Two or three effective, yet silent, missiles had fallen close to him that day, and he was plainly under considerable nervous tension. "One may be marching along in a perfectly open country with no enemy in sight. There is nothing to fear one would say, when ping, and a bullet hits one in the head or heart, it doesn't much matter which. There is no smoke, nothing to tell from which direction it came."

"But we do know who fired the bullet," put in Miss Kelley.

"Well, we think we do, but we haven't a shred of evidence that would carry a feather's weight in court, so we might just as well not know."

"The only thing to do is to shoot back," said the stenographer. "I wish we possessed a twenty inch cannon."

"That was what I was thinking of myself. There are some folks in this world who only appreciate hard knocks. I think such people really respect one more if one fights back good and hard."

That afternoon a delegation from the Hampton Mills called upon the young lawyer, and he at once decided that their case gave him not the cannon, but perhaps a popgun with which to begin the fray.

It seemed that the help in the Hampton Mills had considered the buildings unsafe for several years. They were located close to the freight yards, and the help thought that the constant switching nearby had gradually weakened the whole structure. Ugly looking cracks had appeared in several of the walls which had promptly been closed with cement, but nothing further had ever been done towards strengthening the buildings.

Two years before, after a stormy interview between a committee of the operators and David Henderson, the inspector had arrived in the city. He had been met at the depot by Hugh McCullock, and had also been driven back to the station the following day much the worse for liquor; but as far as the workingmen's spies could ascertain, he had not been near the buildings.

A month before, Cullen Haywood would have shunned this case. As far as he could he had avoided a conflict with the Henderson interests, but now he welcomed this opportunity, and told the committee that he would take up the matter with the mill owners and see what could be done. "You must give me a little time," he said. "You know such things move slowly."

"Take as much time as you like, only get the thing fixed right finally," said the chairman. "It can't move any slower than it has in the past."

When the committee had gone Cullen dictated a long letter to a young Springdale lawyer, a friend of his.

"You see my friend Browne knows this O'Leary, the district inspector, he said to his stenographer, "and if anyone can find out anything about this Millshaven fiasco he can."

In his letter Cullen stated as forcefully as he could the need of his getting to the bottom of the affair, and gave his friend to understand that his reputation was at stake.

For a week nothing was heard from Springdale, but finally, when Miss Kelley had given up hope of anything effective from that quarter, they received an envelope of very bulky proportions. Its contents was most surprising, and from their own standpoint, even promised the big bore cannon. Cullen had it read through very carefully three times, and then retired to his private office to think.

At the end of half an hour he came out and told Miss Kelley to call up David Henderson's office.

"Hello, McCullock," he said, when the connection had been made, "This is Haywood talking. A couple of weeks ago a delegation from the Hampton Mills called at my office relative to the unsafe condition of the buildings. I told them I would look into the matter. Since then I have had an engineering expert working in the mills, and he has furnished me a very interesting report. I thought you might like to talk the matter over with me before I take further action."

McCullock's reply was restrained, although Cullen thought he discerned a note of surprise and alarm

in it. "Hold the line," he said. "I will talk with Mr. Henderson."

A minute later he reported. "Mr. Henderson will see you here in our office at four."

"It will have to be in my office," returned Haywood. "I can't come to yours."

"Wait a minute. All right. Mr. Henderson is not in the habit of going to other people, they usually come to him, but he says he will come this time."

"So far, so good," said Cullen hanging up the receiver. "I thought the mountain would come to Mohamet. Now Katherine, do you suppose you could climb over in behind my desk and sit upon the floor, where you will be out of sight, and take notes of the interview. I want every word taken down."

"But what in the world must I get down behind the desk for?"

"I know it looks rather crooked. I never played the game in this way before, but some times you must fight the devil with his own weapons. I want them to think I am alone. They will be more apt to show their hand, and to talk freely. They may even try to bribe me. It is going to be a stormy interview, but don't lose your nerve."

Promptly at four o'clock there was a sharp knock at the office door, and Cullen admitted Henderson and McCullock, the former growling like a bear and glowering like a thundercloud, while the secretary was bland as usual.

Mr. Henderson did not wait for any formalities,

but went at once to the matter in hand. "Young man," he growled, "I haven't any time to waste with you. I ought not to be here at all, and I wouldn't have come if McCullock had not insisted. Now tell me in as few words as possible what you have got to say to me. My time is valuable. What is this tommyrot that you have told McCullock over the telephone about having an engineer in my mill? I never heard of such damned impudence."

"Well, it is this way," replied Cullen. "Two weeks ago a committee from the Hampton Mills came to me. They said they thought the mill was unsafe, and had been for several years. They gave me a brief history of their attempts with you to get the mill inspected and repaired. I didn't want to undertake the case, but finally consented. My first move was naturally to get a thorough report on the condition of the mill from an expert, and as a consequence, two days afterward a travelling mechanician, who made a specialty of repairing machinery in cotton mills, applied to your office for a job. He was given a week's work overhauling certain machinery. This he probably did to your satisfaction, but he also furnished me a lengthy and detailed report on the condition of the building."

"Well, what did he find, Smarty?"

"He found great cracks in the walls that had been merely filled with cement. He found that many of the walls were out of plumb, and some of the floors had settled. He discovered the foundations in bad condition, much of the stone partly disintigrated,

and many of the eyebeams badly rusted and bearing evidence of a great strain. In short, he found the mills in a dangerous condition from one end to the other. He thinks the entire plant ought to be rebuilt without delay."

"He is a sneak and a damned fool," roared Henderson, "and the sneak part applies to you as well. If you had any such complaint to make why did you not come to me like a man, and act above board?"

"Because the men have been acting above board about this matter for years, and it does no good."

"The district inspector of buildings gave these mills a perfectly clean bill only two years ago," put in McCulluck, "and what he says goes. This travelling mechanical hobo does not cut any ice."

"I am glad you spoke of the inspector," returned the young lawyer. "I was coming to that matter shortly. I have also gone behind that report and have discovered some very interesting evidence. I think this will interest you both more than the report on the mill. These mills were supposed to have been inspected two years ago, but as a fact, the inspector never even entered the mills, and he was so drunk for most of the time while he was in Millshaven that he couldn't have told a cotton mill from a cheese factory."

"If you make such a statement as that you will have to prove it," snapped Henderson. "No man can accuse me or my employees with crooked work, and not explain himself."

"Certainly," continued Cullen. "The inspector was

met at the station by Mr. McCulluck. One of the laboring men's pickets saw McCulluck put him into a closed carriage. He was then driven to a certain hotel, which I do not need to mention, and did not leave it until the next day when he was driven to the depot as drunk as a lord."

"How do you know he did not leave the hotel?" asked McCulluck. His voice was contained, but Cullen could see plainly that he was putting a great constraint upon himself.

"Because the mill people had the hotel picketed all the time that the inspector was here in the city. He did not even enter the mills. That is easily proven, but on the other hand, he gave the mills a clean bill. That is not all, however. Here is the interesting part of this whole affair. He took away from Millshaven with him five thousand dollars, probably the price for keeping away from the mills."

Both Henderson and McCulluck rose to their feet.

"It's a damned lie," roared Henderson. "Do you mean to accuse me of corrupting an official?"

"Not only do I mean to accuse you of it, but if it ever comes into court I will prove that you did it."

Henderson resumed his seat again with a very audible gasp. He was purple with rage, but he could only glare at his accuser.

The secretary was deathly pale, but collected. "Perhaps you had better enlighten us further," he said. "You have gone too far to let the matter rest here. How do you propose to prove this bribery?"

"I have been doing a little detective work in

Springdale. I have a lawyer friend there who scraped an acquaintance with this inspector, at my suggestion, and pumped him. The two went on a toot, had a regular blowout. The inspector was as drunk before my friend got through with him as he was here in Millshaven, and he gave the whole thing away while he was in his cups. They were in a room at a hotel. A third party, a stenographer, took it all down. The poor fellow told all he knew, and it was a revelation."

"It is a damned frameup," thundered Henderson. "It is all a big bluff. I have seen bluffers before, young man. The man never lived who could bluff me. Your confession of a man in his cups isn't worth the paper it is written on. Besides, I don't believe you have any such confession."

Cullen Haywood could hear McCulluck scribbling on a piece of paper which he handed to his chief. "Hold in," it read. "He has got something more up his sleeve. Don't get mad. Let's pump him."

"We have other evidence that substantiates this story," continued Haywood. "The week after he was here Mr. Inspector bought a home in one of the suburbs of Springdale, paying five thousand in cash for it, and the day before he went to Millshaven he could not have purchased a dog kennel and paid cash for it. He got the money suddenly from some source."

"How did you know he did not have it before he came here?" asked Henderson, feebly.

"He went through the Springdale bankruptcy

court the previous winter. You see it all fits together as neatly as a Chinese puzzle."

"Well, young whipper snapper, if that is all of your pretty little story I will tell you what I think of it. I don't care a tinker's damn for all you have discovered. You can't bluff me, and if all you said was true you couldn't fight me. I give you plain warning here and now. You keep out of my business. If you don't I'll drive you out of Millshaven and into the poorhouse. I will show you as little mercy as a terrier does a rat. Why, you young cub! Do you think you can fight me? I can keep this thing in court for years. I can beat you out of every cent you are worth inside six months."

"That might be so," returned Cullen quietly, "if you had merely me to fight, but I shall have helpers if I go into the matter."

"Who?" sneered McCulluck. "Let us have the whole of this fairy story while we are about it."

"I am in touch with the American Federation of Labor. They will back me, and furnish some of the best lawyers in the country. You would find this the fight of your life, Mr. Henderson. It would be in all the papers in the country. The Federation of Labor will make a test case of it. When one man can send two thousand of his fellow men and women every working day in the week into a death trap, and keep them there for nine hours, there is bound to be feeling. If we have to prosecute this suit I assure you you will be the most odious mill owner in America."

McCulluck had been writing again upon the pad. Cullen could hear the scratching of his pencil, so he waited for David Henderson to read what he might have written.

"He has got us dead," read Henderson. "We had better try to buy him. It is perfectly safe. He has no witness."

"It is a lot of crazy, damned foolishness," declared Henderson with less fervor than he had shown previously, and the young lawyer guessed that his last shot had hit the mark. "Personally I wouldn't give it a snap of the finger," continued Henderson. "Of course you can make a stink and make it disagreeable for me, but I can beat you in the end."

"Perhaps," was the quiet reply.

"See here, Mr. Haywood," said the secretary blandly. "Mr. Henderson and I can make this worth as much to you as the mill people can. We have got as much money as they have. Of course all you are in it for is the money."

Cullen's blood boiled at the words, but he merely asked interestedly, "How much could you make it worth? I should get a good fee from the laboring people, and some free advertising, which I would lose if I were to go in with you."

McCulluck wrote on his pad again, and passed it over to Henderson. The latter scribbled a few words on the paper and passed it back.

"Drop the whole thing," said McCulluck, referring to his chief's hasty scrawl, "and we will give you ten

thousand dollars. It is more than you can earn here in the office in two years."

"It is a goodly sum. Be sure and take that down, Miss Kelley."

The other two men sprang to their feet.

"What was that you said?" gasped Henderson.

"You sneak!" hissed McCulluck.

"I was just talking to my stenographer. She is taking notes."

David Henderson opened and closed his mouth several times, but nothing came of it. McCulluck cursed inwardly, but said nothing.

"I have got a pretty good case now," said Haywood rising. "Your offer to bribe me is conclusive evidence that you are guilty of all the charges. You came to my office to hand me an ultimatum, but the tables are turned. Now hear mine. You must begin taking the mills down before October first. They must all be down by the first of the year if you are still going to use the plant. If you conform to these conditions the whole matter will be dropped right here, but if not, you must fight the American Federation of Labor. It will mean a terrible stink for you, Mr. Henderson, and state's prison for McCulluck here. Take your choice."

McCulluck put up a warning hand to stay his chief's anger, but the magnate was furious and threw caution to the winds. "You young hound! You dare to tell me to tear down one of my mills? Well, I will see you in hell first. You, and the American Federation of Labor, and the whole mess of anar-

chists. You have done nothing but make trouble ever since you came to this city. I was favorably disposed towards you when I first met you, but I was mistaken. Now, damn you, I am going to crush you. I am going to ruin you. You hand ultimatums to me!"

"Is that final, Mr. Henderson?" asked Cullen. "I don't want any quarrel with you personally. It is merely business. I have to take what cases come my way."

"Yes, that is final. I defy you. Don't you ever step a foot in my house again, and don't you ever cross either mine or my daughter's path. Come McCulluck, we have fooled away too much time on this puppy. Do your worst, young man, and be damned!"

David Henderson stormed out of the office, and the secretary followed more slowly. He was clearly depressed by the interview.

Chapter XIII

DAN KING'S ATONEMENT

Ned Fenton bustled into the Haywood law office on the morning of July third, with as much energy as a very fat young man, who was always careful not to get heated could be expected to show. He plumped down into one of the office chairs, mopping his face with a handkerchief, and fanning himself with his straw hat.

"My godfrey, but it is hot! I don't see how you folks ever manage to live here in this beastly office for eight hours a day, but I suppose I shall have to find out. I have come to stay," and he proceeded to hang up his hat and divest himself of his coat.

"Smoking allowed?" he inquired, lighting a cigarette.

"Certainly," smiled Katherine. "Did I understand you were going to locate here in the office permanently?"

"Why yes, if Cul will let me. I think you need a bouncer, and I am going to stick around with that in view."

"Is this another of your abominable jokes, Ned?" asked Haywood.

"Never was more serious in my life. I have been hearing a lot about your fight with the Hendersons and have come to the conclusion that you need a body guard. They might have their thugs sandbag

you some dark night. I don't think Uncle David would go in for anything like that, but he leaves a lot to McCulluck."

"But what will your Uncle David do to you, Ned? I don't want you hazarding any of your business or social chances for me," replied Cullen.

"Uncle David can go hang for all I care. I told him this very morning that I was going over to the enemy."

"What did he say?"

"I won't repeat it in the presence of a lady, but it doesn't matter what he said. The die is cast. I am here, and I am going to stay. Really, Cul, I want you to take me into the firm. Haywood and Fenton, attorneys at law, sounds rather good. Imagine me working for a living."

Cullen Haywood was much touched by the generous offer of his college chum to sacrifice his own chances with the Hendersons, but this show of friendship came to him when he was hard hit, and it meant a great deal, almost as much as did Katherine's support.

"But I can't let you do this, Ned," he said, when he had sufficiently mastered his voice. "It will ruin you."

"You won't have anything to say about it. I have already seen Uncle David, and had my little row with him. He won't take me back now anyway after what I said to him. I'm for the under dog, so don't spoil my fun."

"I can't possibly tell you what it means to me at

this time, Ned," choked his friend.

"I see you can't, so don't say a word. We'll lick them to a frazzle yet." He went over to the desk to look at the morning paper which Katherine was holding up for his inspection, while she pointed to a certain scarehead paragraph.

"Yes, I have seen it, Katherine," he said.

"Seen what?" inquired Cullen.

Ned cleared his throat with a violent cough. "You see Cul I always like to carry bad news. I am a sort of a cheerful cuss myself, and always blubber when I am hit, so I am a very suitable chap to stand by others when they are hard hit. To tell the truth, Cul, I came up to the office this morning, ahem, expressly, ahem, to bring you bad news. Your friend, Dan King, was killed yesterday during the charge on San Juan Hill. He died like a soldier, his face to the foe, and in the front rank close by the colonel's side."

"Say that over again, will you Ned? I want to let it sink in. I am afraid I didn't quite get it."

Then Katherine Kelly read the full account of the battle, and the story of the glorious charge in which Dan King had lost his life.

Cullen listened, but it was like a bad dream, and his mind was far away. He heard the sound of Katherine's voice, and the raucous rumble of heavy trucks and the cries of hucksters in the street, without which steadying sounds his mind would have served him false and he would have been miles away in the deep woods with Dan, hearing the wind in the

tree tops, or the soft babble of a trout brook. In all the pauses of conversation, he could feel the hearts and hands of Katherine and Ned reaching out to him in this great sorrow that had come upon him so suddenly.

Finally, when they had gathered all the information possible from the newspapers, and Katherine had read him a telegram from Washington confirming the news of Dan's death, Cullen said, "Well, Katherine, I suppose I might as well get out Dan's will and look it over. It will have to go to probate tomorrow or go over for a month, but I can hardly bear to hear it. I had planned so many things that we would do when Dan got back."

The will was not long, and it left all of Dan's property, real and personal, "to my dear friend, Cullen Haywood, as an atonement for the great misfortune my own careless hands laid upon him." The whole estate amounted to about five thousand dollars. There was also a letter enclosed which explained to Cullen much that had previously been mysterious to the young lawyer.

"My dear Cul:" it read. "When you receive this I shall be at rest for the first time in ten years.. Do not grieve for me, or even shed a tear, for this will be as I wish it. I want to sleep and to forget.

It isn't your fault, Cullen. You are the most forgiving mortal I ever saw. Never have I heard so much as a murmur from you about the accident. Yours has been the perfect forgiveness, but I could not forgive myself.

For ten miserable years, sleeping or waking, I have seen your blood-stained face, with the two closed eyes,—those beautiful wondering eyes, with the light of day forever gone from them—and it was all my fault. I have always felt that there could be no atonement for such carelessness but that of blood, so I came down here to Cuba in order that by losing my life I might find it again.

I knew I could never give you my little property as long as I lived, but now I am gone you will have to take it. I shall be happy in the thought that what I have will be yours when the great dark closes about me.

Go back to the woods, Cullen, just as you and I have always done, and they will heal you. They will take away the sting and the sense of loss. For I am vain enough to think that you will miss me. I know you will remember me as one you loved. I shall joy in that thought when I hear the summons.

God bless you and keep you. Good night, dear boy, and goodbye. Dan."

When Katherine had finished reading the letter which seemed to all like a voice from the dead, there was a long, deep hush in the room. Ned was the first to break the silence. "I think you had better take Dan's advice, Cullen. You and I will go up to the old place and spend the Fourth. It will do us both good," and Cullen assented.

If Katherine Kelley had a hand in setting her employer partially right with Miss Henderson, he did not even suspect it. All he knew was that he received

the deferred invitation to visit the new clubrooms the Monday morning after spending the holiday up at the old farm with Ned Fenton.

Katherine had accidentally fallen in with Evelyn at a band concert at the park Sunday afternoon, and had invited her to sit upon a bench where they might watch the swans on the pond, and talk.

"This is a peculiar place for a confidence," began Katherine with her usual directness, "but perhaps it will do. I wanted to explain to you about that miserable affair at the office. You know what I mean. It was in the papers."

Miss Henderson flushed. "Why should you explain it to me?"

"I thought you might like to hear what I know. You two used to be good friends. You have worked so much together, and I am sure Mr. Haywood is very unhappy about it."

"I will hear what you have to say, Kitty, but it is nothing to me."

"I don't believe that there is a thing in it. Why, Mr. Haywood didn't even know the door was locked."

"So the paper said."

"But that was sarcasm, and I mean it."

Miss Henderson sighed, and looked intently at the swans. "I would like to believe it," she said.

"If I tell you some things that I have no right to mention outside of the office, circumstances that my employer would discharge me for mentioning, I am sure you will understand that it is because I do not want you to misjudge him. God knows he has trouble

enough without anything unnecessary."

"I accept your confidence on those grounds, but all this is nothing to me."

"You probably know that Mr. McCulluck took the office next to ours a month ago. Likewise, you probably do not know that our key was stolen last week and spirited away to South Millshaven, where a duplicate was made."

"What has all that to do with the locked door?"

"Why, it would have been very easy for some one outside to have slipped over and locked the door."

"Oh, such things aren't done."

"Well, there is another item. A report was circulated among the poor people of the South End that Mr. Haywood sold out the playground, and that if he had not been bought off by the mill people the playground might have been saved."

"That is a lie!"

"I thought that would touch you. Then there is another item. The mortgage on my mother's place was foreclosed. Mr. Haywood's generosity was all that saved the roof over our heads. He took up the mortgage."

"Men don't fight women," interposed Miss Henderson. "Besides, you haven't done anything to make anyone injure you."

"I work in his office," retorted Miss Kelley. "It is all a part of the general plan to ruin him."

"I can't believe it."

"Well then, I shall have to tell you something that I had hoped I should not be obliged to. This will be a

betrayal of business trust, a thing that any stenographer would cut off her right hand rather than do."

"Why do you do it then?"

"For a woman's reason."

Miss Henderson rolled a pebble on the gravel under her shoe for several seconds. "Katherine," she said, at last, "you are good to plead other folks' causes. Why don't you speak for yourself?"

She could have bitten off her tongue for the speech after it was out.

Katherine's eyes filled with tears. She shot a direct glance at her friend from under her long dark lashes. "I would if it would do any good," she said simply.

With a quick movement she arose and hurried away, leaving Evelyn staring wide-eyed after her retreating figure.

When the invitation to go to the clubhouse came by telephone Monday morning, Cullen refused to go. "I can't let her do that," he said. "It is most generous, but I am not going to drag her into my messes."

"She says she will not take no for an answer," replied Kitty, "and that she will be here at the office with her car at two o'clock. She says she will never speak to you again if you do not go."

"Oh, all right. If she feels that way about it I'll go."

"You see we are going away for the summer," Miss Henderson explained as she guided him to the car at the appointed time that afternoon, "and I thought I might not see you again until autumn."

"I haven't seen much of you lately, but Millshaven

will be desolate without you," he said simply, and then lapsed into silence.

Instead of taking some circuituous route by the side streets she chose Main Street, and drove very slowly. She stopped to do an errand opposite the city hall, and left her companion in the car. Then she took pains to introduce him to a friend who stopped her on the curb, so that altogether it was quite a dress parade affair.

Had he not been glowing with pride over her nerve, and melted almost to tears at the sacrifice she was making, he would have burned up with shame to think that he was thus exposing this girl to calumny and ridicule.

When she at last stopped the car before the five story Henderson block, and announced cheerfully that she "was going to run up to see daddy for a minute," he fairly gasped with astonishment, but there was nothing to say. He could merely grit his teeth, and curse the stupidity that had caused him to come. He should have been more firm about not coming.

But Haywood's consternation was not greater than David Henderson's when his daughter pounced in upon him a few seconds later, and dropped a bomb-shell at his feet.

"I just came in a minute to say hello, Daddy. I am taking Mr. Haywood down to see the new club rooms, and I had just time to run up and see you."

"Who?" gasped Henderson, rising from his office

chair, and running his hand through his hair until every lock stood on end.

"Mr. Haywood. I thought I spoke plainly. We are going to the new club rooms."

"That cub! That whippersnapper! That pup! Perhaps you do not know, girl that he had the impudence to order me to tear down one of my mills the other day."

"Are you going to—?"

"Going to!" The words were uttered in such a tone that the stenographer hurried from an inner office to see what was the matter.

"You get back into your cage, you meddlesome jay!" fairly roared the great man.

"Evelyn, you go down stairs and dump that fellow into the gutter, and take the car home!"

The girl's chin went up and her deep blue gray eyes flashed. She smiled sweetly at her father, but nevertheless, he recognized her don't-bully-me expression.

" 'Business is business.' You are always preaching that, Daddy, but your business and my friends must be kept strictly apart. You may make as many business enemies as you want, but you must let me keep my friendships regardless of them. I just dropped in to say hello and goodbye."

"Child, you will be talked about all over the city before night. It will ruin your reputation."

"My reputation doesn't ruin so easily, Daddy. You know we are going away for two months tomorrow.

Don't let's have any fuss today. We want a fine vacation."

She kissed him, and hurried down stairs, leaving him thunderstruck.

He slammed his correspondence about savagely for five minutes, muttering and sputtering, and then burst into a roar of laughter.

"Damned if I see anything to laugh at," snapped McCulluck. "Pretty rotten mess, I should think."

"Why hang it all, Hugh," exploded Henderson, "that girl ought to be running a railroad. She is the old man all over again."

"I had a nice little call on Daddy," Evelyn said as she started the car, and when Haywood recalled how the old man had stormed about in his office the day before, and ordered him out of both his and his daughter's lives, he put his own construction upon her words.

They said very little during the rest of the drive, or in the club rooms. There seemed to be no need of words. There was an understanding between them that made words superfluous.

He noted how light her hand was on his sleeve as she guided him from room to room, and how sympathetic her voice as she described the different rooms, but for him, it was enough to know she had confidence enough in him to be there, after the dark insinuations of the past weeks. To him she was the bravest woman in the world, and the sweetest.

She did not seem disappointed because he did not

talk, but accepted his silence as a matter of course. It was one of those rare afternoons when friendships grow by leaps and bounds although little is said.

"Miss Henderson," he said when the car swung up to his own block, "I want to thank you for the most wonderful afternoon in my life, but I have no words to express it. Please let it go at that."

"Me, too," she said, giving him her hand.

After dinner the same evening she innocently launched another bombshell at her father. "Daddy," she said, when they and McCulluck were lounging in the library, "I was down in Hell's Alley this afternoon after I left Mr. Haywood at his office. What a lot of chickenpox they have got! I never knew before that chickenpox is fatal. There have been two deaths this week."

Henderson and McCulluck exchanged quick glances. Henderson turned visibly pale.

"For God's sake, child, you have not been down there have you?"

"Why not? It is nothing but chickenpox, and I have had it. I remember it well."

"Girl, girl! You will be the death of me, and yourself as well. Why did you do it? It was bad enough to have you go traipsing off with Haywood, and now this."

"But why, Daddy?"

"Evelyn, it is smallpox. I must ring for Doctor McCoy at once."

There was perfect silence in the room for several

seconds following this appalling announcement, then she asked a very simple question. "But, Daddy, why isn't Hell's Alley quarantined?"

"It ought to be at once. We have delayed for fear it would hurt the rents in the tenements there. You see there is always a business side to these affairs."

Her brow wrinkled in deep thought, and a perplexed look overspread her face. "Daddy, I think that the man who owns Hell's Alley ought to be stood up against some of those disgraceful blocks and shot."

Henderson made no reply to this outbreak, but left the room hastily. The girl looked up to McCulluck for an explanation, and noted his cruel, sneering smile.

"You hit him pretty hard," he said in answer to her inquiring look, and in spite of himself, he could not help the malice that came into his voice. The rest of the sentence he fairly shot at her. "Your father has owned Hell's Alley for twenty years."

"It's a lie!" she declared, but all the time she knew that he spoke the truth. She had never dreamed it before, but now a dozen incidents confirmed it. Every one in Millshaven but herself had known. How those poor people must have despised her for slumming in her father's wretched tenements!

"It is the truth," McCulluck said quietly.

She arose and looked at him with such reproach and scorn that he turned his head away.

"I do not think there is another man in the world cowardly enough to tell me that," she said, "after what I said to Father."

Chapter XIV

THE TRUTH VINDICATED

July and August, the two most dreaded months, by the habitual city dweller, had come and gone in Millshaven, and this modern hive of industry still hummed as persistently as ever. If some of its toilers fell by the wayside others would take their places. They were merely numbers on the payroll, cogs in the great wheels of industry, screws and bolts in the great machinery of manufacture.

Upon the third terrace, close to the mountain's edge, where the little breezes came dancing down from the mountainside even on the hottest days, and where one could get a whiff of pine and balsam, there had been a great exodus during the two hot months. Its favored inhabitants had all fled away to seashore and mountains at the first approach of oppressive heat.

The second terrace, where lived the toilers of the second social strata, had also taken its two weeks of well earned vacation. Some of these even had gone away to seashore and country, while others, less fortunate, had stayed at home and put in the time with daily outings, trolley trips, and picnics.

But on the first terrace, where dwelt the every-day-in-the-year toilers, and where the need was greatest, there had been no vacations.

The great siren whistles had shrieked their calls

to labor at half past five every morning, just as they would go on shrieking as long as civilization required finished products, and the marts of the world were open to the manufactures of Millshaven.

It was the day following Labor Day. September had made her debut, cool and pleasant, but today the legions of summer had returned in full force. The toilers seemed to feel the heat more than they had in July because of the cool week that had preceded it.

Margaret Kelley had stood all day long before the humming loom, feeding raw material to the hungry machine before her. It seemed to the slight girl as her tired hands made their accustomed motions, over and over, just as they had done for the past ten years, that she had never felt the heat before as she did today. She was more tired than she had ever been before in her whole life, and felt much older. The jarring, pounding machinery seemed continually striking upon a great nerve at the back of her head, beating, beating, beating. How colorless, how monotonous, how humdrum, her life was, just one endless round of ceaseless motions day in, day out, for the entire year.

Finally, the hoarse whistle sounded the welcome blast of release, and the machinery began to slow down through the great mill. Gradually the looms and spindles slackened their pace. When they were running at full speed there was a blurr about them, but now the spindles and shuttles took shape, until at last they stood perfectly still, like their human masters and mistresses, resting.

Out of scores of rooms, down narrow passages, the hundreds of toilers came, marching, marching, marching, these tired soldiers of industry. They had given their all for that day. The strength and the heart was gone out of them, and they were all streaming homeward to gather new strength and courage for the morrow.

Margaret Kelley was very tired, so it took her longer than almost any one else in the mill to put her loom in order, and to gather up the last traces of the day's labor, for everything must be left neat, and in readiness for the morrow, which always loomed large on the horizon.

When at last, she put on her hat and dragged herself listlessly down the long corridor towards the entrance doors the mill was nearly empty. She felt old, tired and heartsick, for the monotony and the hopelessness of the struggle had been borne in upon her today as never before. If it was not for the invalid mother in the wheelchair at home, and for Katherine, dear cheerful, hopeful Kitty, she could not have endured it as long as she had. Well, there was one satisfaction, she had seen to it that her sister had found a better job than hers. She had put hope and beauty into their lives even if it had been at such a price.

She looked so small, so worn, and so hopeless that even Hugh McCulluck, who was passing out from the office just as she entered the main corridor, stopped to speak to her.

"It has been a warm day, Miss. You look tired," he said.

"Yes, it has been hot. I am tired." She smiled up at him wistfully.

It was a simple statement of fact, uttered in a lagging, dejected tone, yet the words arrested McCulluck. In fact, they thrilled him. He could not have told why, but these few words set his heart to beating wildly, and filled him with eagerness to hear the voice again.

"You don't look strong enough to work in the mill. How long have you been here?"

His manner was truly sympathetic, and the question was put in the secretary's most persuasive manner.

She was so tired, so heartsick, that such words, from even a stranger, touched the heart of the girl, and she felt hot tears burning beneath her eyelids. She had often seen McCulluck in the mill, and knew who he was. None of the help liked him, but he seemed now to be sympathetic. Perhaps they had misjudged him. Her heart softened.

"Oh, I have been here ten years, off and on. Mostly on. I am quite strong, only I am tired today. It has been so terribly hot."

McCulluck had it now—the secret of the voice. It was almost identical with that of Miss Henderson, only this voice was drab and hopeless, while hers was rich and full of vigor. It was strange that the two voices should have been so much alike. This was the

conclusion that Cullen Haywood had reached the May before.

"What is your name?" he asked. "I do not remember having seen you before."

"I am Margaret Kelley."

At this point in the conversation a heavy freight train came thundering by. It made such a continuous roar that it partially drowned the girl's reply.

"What makes the mill tremble and quake so?" she asked when it had passed. "I can fairly feel it quiver under my feet."

He did not notice what she said, but was still enthralled by her voice, so she repeated the question.

"Don't you notice that the floor under our feet is trembling? What is the matter?"

Jove! what a voice it was. There was but one other that could so thrill him.

Was it the train? No. It was the mill. The floor under their feet was quivering and quaking, and more than that it was groaning and settling. Then suddenly from every part of the great structure came ominous sounds, cracking, creaking, grinding, groaning, breaking, twisting. At first so faint and mysterious that one could not have told from what direction they came, then quicker and louder, nearer, and more terrible.

"What is the matter? What is it?" cried the girl, putting out both hands toward the man.

He looked down into her pale, terrified features. His own face was deathly white. The sounds about them swelled to a mighty roar, a maelstrom of break-

ing, grinding, tumbling walls, a terrible melee of brick, mortar, beams, and partitions.

"The mill is collapsing! Hurry!" he said, "or we will be lost."

He caught her arm, and hurried her along the sagging, sinking floor, but the movement was too late. For amid a roar like thunder, they fell together, down, down, down. As he fell McCulluck was conscious that the girl was wrenched from his grasp, and that the space about them was filled with falling missiles. Then came a feeling of faintness. A myriad stars and bright lights danced before his vision, and then darkness and perfect silence.

After a time, he could not have told whether it was a minute or a thousand years, he felt himself struggling out of the darkness to consciousness, and wrenching pain. At first he could not think where he was, but gradually it all came back to him. The collapsing of the mill, and the fearful fall. He was lying on his back at the bottom of the ruins and a broad beam of light came through a crack in the brick wall behind his head, by which he could see dimly. His arms were perfectly free, and he could move them about, but a great beam lay across his body, and something told him that it was slowly crushing the life out of him.

His companion in the fall, the girl with whom he had been talking when the crash came, lay near by. He reached out his hand and touched her dress.

"Miss Kelley, are you alive?" he managed to say.

"Yes," came a feeble whisper, "but I think both my legs are broken. They are wedged in. I cannot move, and I am in such pain."

"Be brave. They will soon dig us out."

He reached into his coat pocket and pulling out his handkerchief, thrust it through the crack behind his head. It disappeared from view. "See," he added, "I have sent them a signal of distress. They will soon be digging for us."

He was so spent by this effort he lay still for awhile, but there was no rest for him. He must put his house in order. There was much he must do. He began slowly and painfully reviewing the acts of his life. Presently through his consciousness there shot the thought of a crime that he had set in motion two days before. He could not think plainly. Was it to-night that it was to be pulled off? He must think. It was. Cold sweat broke out on his forehead. What could he do? He must stay the hand of the slayer whom he had hired.

Then an inspiration came to him. He felt in his pocket, and brought out a small notebook and pencil. He held it close to his face so that the beam of light which came through the crack fell upon the paper. Then he began to write. At first slowly and painfully, occasionally stopping to think and to rub his head as though to bring back the ideas. He must finish the letter before it was too late.

At last he tore the three pages he had written upon from the notebook, and put them in an envelope

he happened to have. Then he addressed it and put the letter in his pocket, after which he lay back and shut his eyes.

Presently he aroused himself. This was not enough. They might not find the letter in time.

"Miss Kelley," he called faintly. "Do you hear me?"

"Yes."

"Do you think you can hold on for a few minutes? I hear them digging outside. They will find us soon."

"Yes," came the answer out of the dark, "I can hold on."

"Then will you take this letter? Put it in your shirtwaist. It is very important. It is for Mr. Henderson. He must have it within two hours or it will be too late. It is a matter of life and death. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"As soon as they find us give it to someone and tell them to give it to Mr. Henderson at once. Two lives hang upon it."

She reached out her hand, took the letter, and thrust it in her bosom. "I will tell them."

"Thank you." The words were scarcely audible. Presently his hand stole out and closed over hers. "Evelyn," he whispered, "I love you. I have always loved you, and I have repaid you like a coward and a cur, but I am going to pay the price."

"You think I am someone else," came Margaret's voice through the darkness.

"No," he said. "I would know you if I were dead, and you passed over my grave. You are Evelyn. I love you."

Evelyn Henderson had taken her father for a spin into the country that afternoon, and was showing him some winding roads which she loved. It had been a wonderful afternoon, with the hills draped in a blue haze, and the smile of summer still brooding over the land.

They had stopped about four miles outside the city to pick some purple asters and golden rod. She was just climbing back into the car when her father said, "Listen!"

"What is it?" she asked.

"The fire bells! Don't you hear them? Let's count and see where it is. I have had a premonition of something fearful all day. I hope this is nothing to do with it."

They counted together, the slow strokes of the great bell. "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten."

"My God! That's the call for the militia!" exclaimed the magnate.

Evelyn got in hastily, started the car, and soon they were rushing towards the city.

Henderson said nothing, but leaned forward in his seat, straining eyes and ears towards the city he had made.

As they came into the more thickly settled streets they noticed a great excitement among those who

came and went on the pavements, but they did not stop to ask questions. They would soon be in the heart of the city, then they would know.

Presently the car swept around a corner into Canal Street, giving them a distant view of the great mills close to the freight yards. David Henderson uttered a wild cry of horror and despair. The Hampton Mills were not there!

In the place of the long, majestic phalanx of gray buildings there was a heap of hideous ruins, half hidden from view by great clouds of dust, smoke and steam. Then he noted that half a dozen hose were being played on the ruins.

But all this terrible scene was as nothing compared with the human faces that surged along the streets leading to the mill, faces of men in their working clothes, ghastly and despairing, cursing and gesticulating, and of women with little children in their arms.

Slowly Evelyn worked the machine through the crowd. Even preoccupied as she was, she noticed that dark scowls and curses followed the car, curses against her father. Some even pointed at him, while one brawny fellow cried out, "There goes the owner of this deathtrap. My wife is in there. If they don't find her I'll——." Evelyn did not hear the rest of his threat. It was cut short by the roaring of a steamer near her.

Presently she stopped the car, and her father stood up that he might see the whole ruins better.

A line of militia men was stretched about the scene.

Presently his daughter pulled at his sleeve. "Father," she gasped in a whisper which was almost a cry, "Father, look! What are those two men carrying? It is something they have just brought up out of that hole."

Then one of the men stopped and shifted his burden higher in his arms, and there was no need of David Henderson answering the question. It was the body of a woman, one of her father's eight dollar a week girls.

Chapter XV

A BIT OF PRIVATE HISTORY

The collapse of the Hampton Mill had occurred at four minutes after five on Tuesday afternoon, and this fact alone saved the city from one of the most appalling disasters ever known to cotton mills. As it happened only a score of people were in the building at the time, and by half past six all had been accounted for.

Six were dead, four seriously injured, and the rest only slightly hurt. It was a miracle that the city had escaped with so few casualties.

Although Evelyn Henderson was sick with faintness, and torn by the pitiful sights that everywhere met her eyes, yet she did not urge her father to leave the scene, for she felt it was a sort of penance that she must exact from herself. If these poor people who expected to see their loved ones brought out dead or maimed for life could stand here so bravely while the awful moments dragged slowly on, surely she could bear to stay.

To David Henderson the scene had a different aspect. He was in the clutch of something greater than himself. Hitherto he had been through life master of all about him, going and coming at will, but tonight he was an actor in events over which he had no control.

At six o'clock the body of Hugh McCulluck was

taken from the mill, and Evelyn heard a brawny workman standing near the Henderson automobile growl, "Thank God it has got one of their own folks. Now perhaps something will be done about it."

At six-thirty the body of the secretary arrived at the Henderson mansion, just ahead of the great man's car. It was laid in state in the library, and the pall of death was upon the place.

Neither Evelyn nor her father had dared look at each other during the ride home, and they did not care to meet face to face now, but they went in to the dining room half an hour later than usual. It was a queer old world anyway the girl thought as she took her place at the head of the table. One half of the world would go on eating and sleeping, laughing and pleasure seeking, while the other half died in mills and sweatshops, in mines and tunnels.

All through the first course she bent her gaze upon her plate, and no word passed between her and her father, Wellington was the only one of them who seemed to be undisturbed, but his remark that he "'oped that Mr. 'enderson's soup had not got cold" because dinner was late, went unnoticed.

Notwithstanding the elegant service, and the heavy plate and fine furniture, there was no pleasure in the perfunctory meal, and it was with a sense of relief that Evelyn answered a summons to the telephone after the first course. But when she returned to the dining room she was deathly pale,

"Father," she said, in an intense voice, "Katherine Kelley just telephoned. She says her sister was one

of those taken from the mill. She is in a dying condition, and is asking continually for you. You will go and see her, won't you, Father?"

"Oh, yes. I'll go. She probably wants me to pension off mother or father for life, but I'll do that too. I never so much as heard of the beggars, but I'll dig down deep for them."

They went in the runabout, Miss Henderson driving, and fifteen minutes later they were shown into the Kelley parlor by Katherine, who was almost too heartbroken even to speak.

At first David Henderson did not see the little woman in the wheelchair, whom Katherine introduced as her mother, but Evelyn passed over to the corner of the room and took her thin hand in both her warm ones. She stooped and kissed the ashen face, and her own eyes filled with pity, but she was powerless to speak.

It was not until Mrs. Kelley spoke that Henderson even noticed she was in the room. At the sound of her voice he sprang to his feet, and stared wildly about him. His eyes were just getting used to the half-darkened room, and he now made out the little woman in the wheelchair.

"Who was that?" he gasped, and his voice sounded unnatural, even to himself.

"Don't you know me, David? I am not surprised. It is a long time—"

"Norah!" The cry was wrung from him, for mighty forces had him in their grip this night. In another second he was by her side, holding one thin

hand, and talking incoherent words, and in broken sobs.

"But, Norah, I thought you were dead. You went away while I was home from college for vacation, and when I returned I could not find a trace of you. I heard six months later that you were dead."

"I was dead as far as you were concerned. I caused the report to be circulated myself. I had to die, Davy, for there was no other way."

"But, Norah, if I had known—"

"Yes, I know, but you didn't. When I married Mr. Kelley he said he would take me, child and all, and ask no questions. I never would have come to Millshaven, but Mr. Kelley's work called him here. If I had refused to come I should have had to tell him the reason why. But we must not talk any more now for Margaret is dying. She has been asking for you constantly ever since they brought her in. It looks as though it were God's will that we three should meet now, but I have never breathed so much as a word about you to her."

"But who is Margaret?"

"Why, Davy, didn't you know? She is our child, yours and mine."

At this appalling announcement, although it was uttered barely above a whisper, there was such a silence in the simple room as only attains in the presence of the most appalling tragedy. And these three were facing tragedy, grim and mocking.

"As God is my witness, I did not know," groaned the great man when the silence had become so un-

bearable that his daughter thought she must scream if he did not speak.

Instinctively he turned to her in his hour of utter abasement and shame. She stood, like a statue, gripping the mantlepiece with both hands. Her face was deathly pale, but her eyes burned like two bright stars, boring holes into him, the stricken man thought. Shame, humiliation, and scorn were all written in their flaming depths. He turned his weary gaze away from his last refuge for comfort.

"Norah," he groaned, "you believe me, don't you? You believe if I had known I would have done what was right?"

"Yes, Davy," replied the woman, who had been sinned against, by both society and this man. "I believe you. But you must go in and see Margaret. You must go quick or it will be too late."

"Did you say she was crushed in the mill? My child working for me in my cotton mill?"

"Yes, Davy, she has been working for you for ten years for eight dollars a week. She is dying. Go to her."

He stood irresolute, as though paralyzed by the intelligence. Evelyn crossed the room, and took him by the hand. "Come, Father, we must go to her."

The nurse and the doctor met them at the door. "She has but a few minutes to live," whispered the physician. "You had better go in at once. She asked to see you alone."

The dying girl lay upon a cot bed with her face turned toward them. Evelyn quickly knelt by her

side, and took her hand. "We have come, Margaret. Mr. Henderson is here. You wanted to see him?"

At the name the girl stirred uneasily. "Yes," she whispered, so low that Henderson could not even make out what she said. "Yes, I wanted him. The letter. He must have it at once or it will be too late."

"What letter, dear?' '

"The letter from Mr. McCulluck. Is it too late? He said murder would be done if it was not delivered at once. Is it too late?"

"No, dear, it is not too late. Where is the letter?"

"In my shirtwaist on the chair. I would not let them touch it. Quick! I am going."

A hasty search revealed the crumpled letter in the shirtwaist pocket. "I have it," said Evelyn. "I will give it to Mr. Henderson."

"Thank you. I can die now, can't I? You are sure it is all right?"

"Yes, Sister, everything is all right."

"Katherine," whispered the dying girl, "you were always a good sister. Kiss me."

"I am Evelyn, your other sister. I did not know."

"Katherine is all the sister I have. It is very dark. Hold my hand."

David Henderson came close to the bed. "Tell her I am her father," he said. "I want her to know."

Evelyn shook her head. It was too late. The great dark had already closed in. She sat by the bedside, hot tears coursing down her cheeks, until the slight, toilworn hand of her half-sister was quite cold. David

Henderson stood by her side, his great body wrenched by deep sobs.

Finally she released the limp, cold hand, and said, "She is dead. Let us go."

Chapter XVI

TWO SHOTS IN THE NIGHT

Both David Henderson and his daughter had been so paralyzed by the revelation at the Kelley cottage, that neither remembered the important letter from Hugh McCulluck until they had been at home for at least a quarter of an hour.

They had gone at once to Mr. Henderson's den on the second floor where he sat in his easy chair with his coat and hat still on, clasping and unclasping his large hands painfully, and his face was distorted with grief.

The girl stood at her father's roll top desk fingering a paper knife, and trying to think of something to say. Instinctively she felt that he would lean upon her at this crisis, and she did not want to fail him.

"Father," she ventured at last. "I want you to know I do not believe you knew about this woman and her child. I do not think you would desert them in that manner."

"Thank you, Kittens. God knows I did not."

"No one outside will ever know," continued the girl. "Mrs. Kelley told me when we were leaving it would always be a secret between the two families."

"That is kind of her, but it doesn't let me out."

"I will always love you just the same, Father."

"God bless you for that, my child." He covered his

face with his hands, and great sobs shook his powerful frame.

"Father," said the girl presently, thinking to divert his mind from his trouble, hadn't you better look at the letter from Hugh? It might be important."

He drew the crumpled letter from his pocket. It was written on three small sheets of paper, and the hand was cramped and hard to make out, His reading glasses were in another coat, and after vainly trying to decipher the first line, he gave it to his daughter to read.

"I have but a few minutes to live," it ran, "and what I do I must do quickly. There are two or three things that I want to set right, that is, as far as I can.

"Last Sunday night I went down into Hell's alley with a whiskey bottle in one pocket, and twenty-five hundred dollars in another, and I bought a man's soul with the whiskey and the money. Not only did I buy his soul, but I bartered for the life of another man as well."

"Father! What does this mean?"

"I don't know. Read on and see."

"You know how often he has crossed our path in business and out," the letter continued, "but to you it was merely dollars and cents. To me, it was my life's happiness. No man can cross my path and take away the thing I most prize and live.

"Until lately I would have stopped at a crime like this. It is liquor that has done it. For a year I have been drinking secretly. Every Saturday night I have

gone down town and locked myself in a hotel room, and been dead to the world until Sunday night.

"It was after such a debauch that I commissioned this act. You will remember you told me 'to make an end of him, or kill him off.' Of course I know you did not mean murder."

Vainly the girl strove as she read for the meaning, but the writing was almost illegible, and she gave most of her attention to deciphering it, but sweat stood out on Henderson's forehead. Was another tragedy to be laid at his door?

"I have ascertained," the letter continued, "that he walks up and down each evening behind the Kelley cottage for exercise. Yervant will creep up tonight from the woods behind the cottage between eight and nine o'clock, and shoot him. If this happens I am wholly to blame.

"It was bad enough for me to lock the office door upon him and take away his honor, but—"

She did not finish the sentence, for suddenly the letter blurred before her vision, and the room seemed to go round and round. Her father saw her turn deathly pale, and sprang to steady her, but it was only for a moment, for his grip on her arm aroused her.

"Quick, Father! The car!" She was out of the door and half way down the stairs before David Henderson comprehended the full significance of her words, then he followed.

When he reached the garage the automobile was already backing out. He stepped in while it was still

in motion, and swinging around the broad circle that led to the street.

At the same second he touched the seat the girl opened the throttle, and the powerful machine sprang forward. It was barely fifty yards to the street, and they were making twenty miles an hour when they reached the gate. Henderson did not think she could steer safely through and make the turn at such a pace. She had lost her head, and they would be piled in the ditch at the very start. But she did make the gateway, with barely six inches to spare on the outside.

David Henderson gripped the seat with both hands as the light runabout swayed from side to side. He could feel the automobile quivering in all its mechanism as she crowded on the gas.

"For God's sake, child!" he gasped. "It is running away! We will both be killed!"

She shot back one of her defiant glances. "If we do not get there in time I hope we both die in the ditch."

Trees and electric light poles flashed by. Pedestrians stared open mouthed after them from the sidewalks. A policeman stepped into the street to stop the car for speeding, saw who it was, and scurried back to the sidewalk for his life. More than one pedestrian cursed them for reckless, murderous aristocrats. A collision with a hack was avoided by a hair's breadth, but a miss was as good as a mile in such a race, and they rushed on regardless of other vehicles.

At last, with a superhuman effort, the girl guided

the plunging, careening car into the street leading up the hill to the Kelley cottage. Now it was a straight-away run. All the time, she had been straining her ears for that dreaded sharp sound that would be like the crack of doom, but thus far she had not heard it. Now she cut out the muffler for added power, and the car fairly flew up the steep grade.

They were half way up the hill, then two-thirds. Thank God the top was reached! She shut off the gas, applied the emergency brake, and turned the car sharply into the Kelley yard.

Then above the groaning of the smoking brakes came the sound for which she had waited so fearfully. Two shots, sharp and sinister. The sound flashed through her consciousness like a dagger thrust, and left her limp and almost lifeless in her father's arms.

Cullen Haywood had spent the month of August up on the old farm, tramping the fields and woods with Dan King's brother Henry. He had sought to get back his boyhood's zest of life, its joys, its hopes and abounding spirits. To accomplish this he had fished in the millpond, and rowed upon its placid depths. He had swum in the old hole in the meadow, and had fished for bullheads by a brilliant campfire at night. Then he had spent whole days merely lying in the shade of some well remembered tree, just thinking, and drinking in the sounds and the sunshine about him. Filling his heart and mind as full as they could hold with country freshness and greenness he sought

that abundance of life which nature always lavished upon those who understand her.

He had come back to Millshaven a new man, refreshed in body and mind, as dark as an Indian, and with courage for whatever the coming months might bring forth.

He had heard nothing from Henderson relative to the overhauling or tearing down of the Hampton Mills, and was deeply troubled. There evidently would be a fight to the finish, a fight that might involve the great man's honor, and much of his money, and that would cause a breach between himself and the Hendersons that not even time could heal.

He found, on his return to the city, that his old room at the hotel was undergoing renovation, so he was obliged to seek new quarters temporarily. Katherine, therefore, had at once invited him to spend a week at Forest Cottage, and he had accepted.

The afternoon of the Hampton Mills disaster he and his stenographer had closed the office early, and were on the trolley car for Katherine's home, when they heard of the appalling disaster. Even then they did not appreciate the full catastrophe that had befallen the city. But at six o'clock, when the news of Margaret's plight was telephoned to them, and half an hour later when she was brought home in an ambulance, their part in the tragedy was apparent.

Cullen had taken charge, thanking his lucky stars, that he happened to be there to help. He had telephoned for doctor and nurse, and had done everything in his power for the injured girl.

When Mr. Henderson and Evelyn appeared he retired to his room, and did not come down for half an hour. Seeing that everything was running smoothly, he then went out back of the house for his evening's walk. His heart was very heavy, not only for the stricken family in the cottage, but also for the Hendersons. His fight about the mills was ended. There would be no lawsuits now. If Evelyn ever knew what he knew about the mills he was sure it would break her heart.

How still it was! He could hear the night sounds in the woods near by, and the street sounds from down in the city, the hum of trolley cars, and the rattle of distant wheels, but these sounds came to him as remote echoes of that faroff busy life. Presently Katherine joined him, and the two walked up and down, talking in low voices. Her mother was resting, and the nurse was there, so there was nothing she could do. She had come to her friend for that strength that she always felt in his presence.

It was a bright moonlight night and very still. A little breeze came pleasantly down from the mountain, and its breath was filled with the sweet fragrance of the ancient woods.

Their talk was of the dead girl and her generosity. Katherine told, in broken sentences, of how she had slaved for the past ten years to make hers and her mother's lives more pleasant, only to lose her own life at last in the Hampton death trap.

Finally, Cullen proposed that they go and sit upon the piazza as it was rather warm. So they went and

sat upon the steps, he close by a post, in the shadow, and she, in the full moonlight, by his side.

"I put on your sweater and hat when I came out," she said. "I did not want to go up stairs for mine. I thought you would not mind. I might almost be taken for you in the moonlight."

"I am glad you took them. I feel honored."

Cullen Haywood noted how still it was, and how far away the city sounds seemed. It was an eerie, uncanny night. So much had happened that day that his nerves were stretched to the breaking point. Daylight and eyesight beget confidence, and darkness and a lack of eyesight foster fear. He was not usually afraid of anything. He was a fighter, and had been all his life, but presently, out of the darkness and silence a sense of fear stole upon him. It seemed to descend upon him like an evil spirit. How ridiculous it was! There was nothing to be afraid of. He strained his ears for some sound, but could hear nothing. It was frightfully still. There was surely something uncanny in the silence.

Then he thought he heard a twig snap in the woods nearby, and his fears were increased ten fold. When and where had he felt like this before? It was not a wholly new experience. Somewhere he had been through this nightmare before. Then in a flash it came to him. It was in the deep woods with Dan King, just before he had been shot. This was the same nameless dread, the same premonition of disaster.

"Katherine," he said, trying not to show the name-

less terror which now gripped him like the clutch of an icy hand, "you don't see anything in the woods, do you? I thought I heard a twig snap just now."

"No, I don't see anything. What is the matter with you? You are shaking like a leaf."

"I don't know. I guess I am nervous. Hear that automobile coming up the hill. It is coming like the wind."

"That is so," said Katherine. "It's turning in! Who can it be?"

"Katherine," said the young man in an intense voice, "I feel that something terrible is about to happen."

"You foolish boy, there is nothing—". But the sentence was never finished. It was cut short by the sharp, sinister crack of a revolver. Twice in quick succession the report rang along the mountainside, echoing and reechoing on the still night.

With a little cry of anguish the girl by his side pitched forward into his arms. As her head sank upon his shoulder, he heard her murmur just above her breath, "Cullen, kiss me. I love you. I am dying."

Tenderly and reverently as he would have kissed his sister he stooped and kissed her upon her forehead, and as she sank lifeless in his arms, he arose cautiously, and scuffing with his feet so as not to make a misstep, and keeping his elbow against the wall, he carried her carefully into the house.

As he rounded the corner of the house, he heard the automobile stop in the yard. Henderson was in the car, he knew, for he heard him say, "Wake up,

Kittens! Mr. Haywood is all right. There he is going into the house."

Cullen laid the girl on the sofa and telephoned for a doctor, but before the physician arrived the nurse had decided that Katherine's wounds were not serious, although she had escaped by a hair's breadth. There was an ugly scalp wound where a bullet had ploughed a furrow in her hair near the temple, and a painful wound in the shoulder.

After her wounds had been dressed, and the doctor had gone, she called Cullen Haywood to her bedside, and said to him in a whisper: "Please forget what I said to you. I was very foolish."

"It is all right, Katherine," he said pressing her hand warmly.

Then he telephoned the whole affair to Chief Kelley. That redoubtable Irishman was mad as a March hare when he heard Cullen's account of the dastardly assault, and swore that he would run the criminal down if it took all the rest of his life.

"The shots were intended for me," said Cullen finally. "Katherine had on my hat and sweater. They couldn't see very well at night."

Kelley whistled, and hung up without commenting on this bit of information. He had barely explained the case to his men, and started them out, when he received a telephone call from the switch yards. A man had been run over while attempting to jump a freight. He must come down at once and bring the medical examiner.

When Chief Kelley arrived at the roundhouse,

where the man was lying, he put his hand into one of the dead man's coat pockets and drew out a new revolver. He held it up to the light, and discovered that it had been fully loaded recently, but that two chambers were now empty. Then he drew forth a long envelope addressed to Yervant Azirian, containing a steamship ticket for Europe, with the sailing date for the morrow, together with twenty-five hundred dollars in large bills. After examining the contents of the envelope, he carefully put it into his pocket.

"I am thinking me chase ends right here," he said, more to himself than to the medical man.

"What's that?" asked the examiner.

"Oh, nothin'," replied Kelley. "I was just talking in me schlape. It's a bad habit I've got." But while he walked back up town with the doctor, he was carefully piecing the evidence together in his own mind.

He did not need Hugh McCulluck's letter to David Henderson to make it all complete. There was the locked door with the dead man's wife inside. He knew full well the vengeful nature of this particular man, and how easy it would be to work upon his jealousy. Then there was the young lawyer's fight with the big corporation over tearing down the mills, and the two shots fired that night behind his sister-in-law's cottage. Here was the revolver with the two empty chambers. Then there was the steamship ticket, and the twenty-five hundred dollars.

He certainly had backers, but nothing could be learned as to that now. Dead men tell no tales. Pun-

ishment had been meted out, and the chief was content to let the matter rest there.

Chapter XVII

THE HYDRA-HEADED MONSTER

The riot which was the culmination of the Hampton Mills disaster did not materialize until the following Saturday, although it had been gathering force all through the week.

As is the case in most such violent demonstrations, it found its conception in the South Millshaven saloons.

Early Saturday afternoon little groups of excited, half-drunken workmen gathered at street corners in South Millshaven, and more agitated companies congregated in the saloons. They had listened all the week to violent speeches delivered in back rooms and in some of their labor organization meetings. Liquor flowed freely, and the crowd was now ready for anything.

The storm gathered so quietly that Chief Kelley was taken entirely unawares. Early in the afternoon a captain in South Millshaven telephoned that trouble was afoot, but Kelley scoffed at the idea, so he was thunderstruck when a straggling mob, gathering in numbers and violence as it proceeded, came pouring out of the southern part of the town into the city square. They were not organized, and did not march in regular order, but nevertheless they were compact, and looked like a hard crowd to handle. They were not noisy. In fact they were ominously quiet, and as

long as they did no violence there was little the police could do with them. Of course they could be dispersed on the technicality that they had no license from the mayor to parade, but that might make them ten times worse.

They were a heterogeneous mob of Poles, Italians, Lithuanians, Armenians, and Jews, yet in their purpose they were as one man. All race differences were fused in one common cause. They bore banners proclaiming the purpose for which they had come together. There were six of these banners, and each one was carried by a relative of one of the dead mill operatives.

When one of the mob discovered Chief Kelley on the edge of the crowd he called out, "What in hell are you doing there with a blue uniform, Mike Kelley. You ought to be in this crowd carrying a banner. Wasn't your niece killed?" At this speech a cheer went up.

"Oh, he's for the rich duffers. He's a politician," yelled another, and this set the mob to jeering.

When the straggling mass first filed into City Square they had been orderly enough, but as the minutes passed it was evident that they were not going to disperse of their own accord as the chief had hoped. Traffic was at a standstill.

Chief Kelley quickly summoned all the bluecoats in the city, and, forty strong, they marched to the square, where he read the riot act, and ordered the rioters to disperse. But they only laughed at him. Then he entreated them to be good citizens and go

home. Enough blood had been spilled already in this Hampton Mills affair, he said. They must not add to it.

At the mention of the disaster the crowd began to boil. Threats and curses arose on all sides. Vengeance upon the mill's people was openly avowed, and the police were jeered and taunted. Seeing that there was to be trouble, Kelley ordered his bluecoats to charge the crowd. This act was like putting a match to a powder mill.

Hitherto the mob had been lethargic, but now in a second it leaped into a frenzy. Solid to a man and fighting mad, they filled the air with flying paving stones, and in less than five minutes the little body of bluecoats was licked to a frazzle. The policemen laid about them lustily with their clubs, but clubs were no match for bricks and paving stones. A score of the mob went down, and half as many policemen. The air was filled with curses and groans. The police did not even get a chance to use their guns, for the crowd swept over and submerged them. They were borne this way and that like bits of driftwood on a spring freshet. Wherever there was a bluecoat, there was trouble. Each minion of the law was beseiged by a dozen cursing assailants.

Soon the bluecoats were obliged to run, and fleeing down the side streets, were hotly pursued by the maddened crowd. When the last vestige of the law had disappeared, the infuriated mass as one man began yelling, "To the Castle! To the Castle!" (This was what the Henderson home was called.) So with-

out further delay they slowly swept up through the city to the sacred soil of the third terrace, the abode of peace and opulence.

Chief Kelley, his face covered with blood, and with a big welt over one eye, rushed into his office as soon as he saw the direction the mob had taken, and telephoned David Henderson.

"Hell has broke loose down here," he shouted, "and a mob a thousand strong is headed for your place. You had better clear out, and leave the castle to them. God only knows what they will do if they find you there."

"Bring your whole force up here at once," said Henderson peremptorily.

"What the divil are you talking about?" answered Kelley. "We are licked to a frazzle now. I haven't got a man who can stand up. I can't do a thing. You look out for yourself I tell you."

"You have sold me out to the crowd. I'll fix you for this," roared Henderson.

Kelley slammed the receiver on the hook and would not answer when the telephone rang again a minute later.

"The damned old aristocrat can take care of himself," he muttered. "The crowd can eat him up for all I care."

Seeing that police headquarters would no longer answer the 'phone, the magnate called the mayor's office.

"Hello, Green. Call out Company K, and send them up to the Castle on the double quick," he ordered.

"I'd like to do it, Dave, but it might kill me politically."

"If you don't I will kill you politically. You can depend on that. If you think you can get along better with the favor of the mob than you can without mine, just try it."

"I can't do it anyhow without the consent of the governor."

"Call him. He is in the Executive Office now."

"I hate to, Dave. It looks as though we couldn't run the city. Besides there might be someone killed."

"You decide, and that damned quick. Do you want to fight me, or the mob? I can hear them yelling down Quincy Street."

"Well, I'll call the governor's office, but I hate to."

Henderson hung up the receiver with a grunt of satisfaction. "They are all looking to see which side their own bread is buttered on," he growled, "but I can usually fix them with that dope."

"Wellington! Wellington!" he called down the back stairs.

The Duke made his appearance at once, panting and excited. "There's an hawful noise a coming up Quincy Street, Sir," he gasped. "It sounds hominous."

"Wellington, can you shoot a revolver?"

"Yes, Sir. No, Sir. I ham an hawful shot, Sir. I might 'it somebody, Sir."

From his looks there did not seem to be much danger. He was deathly pale, and his eyes were bulging with fright.

"Take this revolver, and come with me to the front piazza. We will shoot the first dog who dares to set foot on my land."

"I 'ope you will hexcuse me, Sir. Hi daresn't. Hi might kill someone. Hi give notice, Sir, to take effect himmediately, Sir."

"You coward! Get out of my sight!"

Wellington fled down the back stairs with alacrity, leaving Henderson raging, with a revolver in each hand. Thus Evelyn found him a minute later when she came into the living room to look for him.

"Daddy, is that a mob coming up Quincy Street?"

"Sounds like it," he said, grimly.

"Let me see those revolvers," she said, reaching out her hands for the weapons.

Without thinking he handed them over to her.

"I'll be back in a minute," she explained.

"Here, give me those revolvers," he thundered, but she was half way up the stairs.

"I'm going to hide them in the garret. You aren't going to fire into that crowd, Daddy. We have done them harm enough already."

The great man stormed and threatened, scolded and pleaded, but she was firm. So there was nothing to do but wait for the mob.

In another five minutes it was howling and cursing at the gates of the Castle. The grounds were surrounded by a wrought iron fence which was David Henderson's pride, and they swarmed upon it like ants. They lifted it bodily in great sections, using iron bars to start it, and in a few minutes the im-

pregnable fence was being piled up on the further side of the street.

David Henderson was furious. He would have gone out and fought them single handed, but Evelyn barred the way.

"What does that old fence amount to anyway?" she asked. "Money can replace it. You might be killed, Daddy."

"Damn them! I'm not going to stand here and see them destroy my property."

A thousand strong they swept into the grounds, and everything they could lay hands on was soon in ruins. They tore up the shrubs and small shade trees. They tipped over a little summer house, and then set fire to it. They smashed every window in the plant house. They demolished the urns, and piled settees on the bonfire made of the summer house.

Finally, when they had demolished everything on the premises which was movable, they came towards the house, cursing, and roaring vengeance on the man who had murdered their friends, the six lurid banners flaunting proudly above them.

Henderson flew to the telephone and called the mayor's office frantically.

"What in hell are you doing, Green? Where is the militia? They are tearing my place all to kindling wood. They will murder us all if you don't hurry."

"I have just been talking with the governor, and he says that if the occasion is urgent I may use the militia, but not to act hastily."

"I tell you we will all be killed. They are tearing

my house down."

He could hear them pounding at the front doors as he talked.

"All right. I will have the call struck."

"Damn them. I guess that will settle them. The militia will be here in fifteen minutes, Evelyn. I am going to tell them, and give them a chance to run for their lives."

His daughter protested that he had better not show himself, but he persisted, and the moment he appeared upon the second story piazza the howls and curses of the crowd swelled to a roar.

Evelyn's blood turned cold, but David Henderson stood with folded arms looking scornfully down at them, and presently they were quelled by his calm.

"Do you hear that bell?" he yelled, as the firebell began striking slowly. "That is the call for the militia. Soldiers. Do you hear? Soldiers, I tell you. In fifteen minutes they will come and shoot you down like jackalls. Yell if you want to, and pound on my doors, but you will run fast enough soon."

At this announcement there was a babel of voices. Interpreters were explaining the announcement to the crowd, but the news was greeted with even more violent demonstrations than before. Two men began climbing the piazza posts towards Henderson. A cobblestone fell upon the floor beside him, and then a brick whizzed by his head. Soon the missiles were falling all about him, and he was obliged to flee through the French window into the library, where he was confronted by Chief Kelley and Cullen Hay-

wood who, unobserved, had entered the house from a back street while he had been on the piazza.

"Where are your bluecoats?" jeered Henderson. "You are a great chief of police. You bring a blind man to help quell a mob."

"He's my last hope, Henderson," returned Kelley. "I thought they might listen to him. He is going to speak to them."

"Might as well talk to a cyclone. I have just been talking to them myself."

"I hope that you understand that I did not come here of my own choice," explained Haywood. "It was only after the Chief threatened to bring me bodily that I consented."

"I don't care how you came. All I know is you won't do any good."

"Well, I can try."

Chief Kelley led the fearless young lawyer to the piazza, just where David Henderson had stood a few minutes before, and Henderson and his daughter pressed close to the window to hear what he might say.

The mob began yelling and gesticulating when the two were discovered, but finally Kelley, who was much liked by the populace, secured quiet.

"Mike Kelley, you are Judas Iscariot, up there in your brass buttons," yelled someone. "You ought to be down here with a crow-bar."

"Men," cried Kelley, "I have brought to you a friend, one who knows you, and has worked among your children. He is your friend. For God's sake lis-

ten to him. The militia is coming. We want to spare your lives."

At this announcement a deep silence fell upon the crowd, and Cullen Haywood began to speak. His voice was clear and compelling, and it carried to the very outskirts of the mob. Even those who did not understand English understood intuitively that a friend was speaking to them, and that he had come for their good.

"Friends," cried Haywood, "I want you to disperse quietly. If you do not there will be bloodshed and broken heads. I know how you feel, but I am sure justice will be done. The Hampton Mills will make all possible reparation."

The crowd greeted Haywood's announcement with groans and hisses. "We don't want his blood money. We'll settle with Henderson ourselves," they shouted.

"You must keep within the law," continued Cullen. "You are laying yourselves liable for rioting. You cannot right one wrong by another."

"Sure, you're all right, Haywood, but we don't want your advice. You git in out of the way, we don't want to hurt you."

Vainly Cullen strove to get their attention again, but his voice was drowned in a roar of yells and curses. Soon bricks and smaller missiles were falling on the piazza floor, and Kelley and his last hope were driven inside.

Perhaps it was the warning of the coming of the militia that caused the mob to increase its vio-

lence, for soon the big front door was trembling with the blows against it with iron bars.

"Your soft talk just encouraged them," complained Henderson. "I am going to talk to them again myself. They will tear the house down before the militia get here."

"Don't Father," pleaded Evelyn, and Kelley and Haywood seconded her entreaties. But their combined efforts were futile.

Once on the piazza, he waved his arms and gesticulated so wildly that he finally gained a hearing. "I am your friend," he bellowed. "You may not know it, but I am. I want you to clear out before the militia shoots half of you and bayonet the rest. Get out I tell you before it is too late."

What more he might have said is a question, but at that moment a tall man in the front rank raised his hand above his head, and hurled a missile towards the man on the second floor. The next instant there was an explosion that shook the great house to its foundations. The piazza was lifted bodily for about four feet. Every pane of glass in that side of the house was shattered. David Henderson was thrown backward through the French window, and fell heavily on the floor.

Cullen Haywood was stunned and bewildered, but he still remained standing. He felt a body lying across his feet, and stooping, touched the hem of Miss Henderson's dress.

"For God's sake, Kelley, she is killed!" he cried. "Help me to lift her up."

"I guess she has just fainted," said the chief. "I don't see a scratch on her."

Together they lifted the lifeless girl, and placed her on a couch in the hall.

"Bring water quick," ordered the distracted young man.

Tenderly he loosened her dress at the throat and chaffed her cold hands, and frantically felt for her pulse. Suppose she was dead. The mere thought struck a chill like death to his blood.

"Evelyn, sweetheart, speak to me! Wake up, dearest! Tell me you hear my voice."

He brushed the disheveled hair away from her forehead gently, and pressed a passionate kiss upon her lips. They were warm. He passed his fingers over her eyelashes, and they trembled. A shudder ran through her body, and she breathed a short, gasping breath.

"Evelyn, Evelyn, do you hear me?"

For answer she pressed his hand, and he raised and kissed hers reverently.

Water soon revived her, and she asked faintly for her father. Wellington and Ferguson had already moved the great man to another room, where he lay unconscious, with one ar mbroken. Kelley telephoned for a doctor, meanwhile doing what he could for the unconscious magnate.

Finally he came into the hall and called Cullen into another room.

"Haywood," he said, in a stage whisper. "Henderson is dead. You go to the window and tell them."

When Cullen appeared at the shattered window there was a lull which was just long enough for him to make his gruesome announcement.

"Friends," he cried, "there is a murderer in your midst. Mr. Henderson is dead. In a very few minutes the soldiers will appear in all the streets leading to the castle. They will be after this man. You are all liable. Go, my friends, and go quickly."

The announcement of the great man's death seemed to breathe terror into the mob. Who had done it? The soldiers would soon be there. The mob spirit disintegrated. The frenzy and the madness left them, and they were merely a crowd of badly scared men. They dropped their crowbars and axes, and fled in every direction.

Kelley, who was standing just behind Haywood, laughed. "I thought that would get them," he chuckled.

"Take me to him," said a stricken voice at his eldow, "I heard what Mr. Haywood said."

"Good heavens, girl! Did you hear that?" cried Kelley. "Well, thank God, it was a lie. It was just a ruse to make them go. I guess he'll pull through all right."

Chapter XVIII

THE CAPITULATION

Three weeks after that eventful day in the history of Millshaven when the frenzied operatives of the Hampton Mills ascended the sacred third terrace and nearly wrecked the Castle, David Henderson had so far recovered from his wounds that he was able to be propped up in his mammoth mahogany bed with a telephone at his elbow and as many papers by his side as the table could hold. From this vantage ground he had partially directed his affairs for three days.

Probably no magnate ever missed a subordinate as Mr. Henderson missed Hugh McCulluck. He was obliged to admit a dozen times a day that McCulluck had always attended to this or that, and that no one else knew fully about it.

The three weeks had been very strenuous ones for Miss Henderson also, for she had been her father's buffer. She had stood between him and his nurse when he became too fractious, between him and his attorneys on two occasions, and between him and Millshaven, the city which was so slow to do his bidding now he was in bed and at its mercy.

Cullen Haywood had been to the Castle several times a week, at Miss Henderson's urgent entreaty, to advise and encourage her. In him she found that strength which this crisis in her life called for. With-

out his encouragement and optimism, his wise suggestions, and abounding faith that things would finally right themselves, she did not see how she could carry on from day to day.

Mr. Henderson also had given him an expression of confidence as a business man, for he had placed the cases for damages resulting from the collapse of the mill in the young lawyer's hands. He had called him on the telephone and roared the order at him in a most alarming manner.

"But, Mr. Henderson, I am afraid I would not suit you."

"That's my look out," was the crisp answer.

"What sort of a settlement do you want me to make?"

"Any sort you damned please, only don't bother me with it."

"I might be too generous with them."

"Well, I am not a hog myself. You go ahead. It will be all right. The mill people have got confidence in you, and that is more than they have in me."

Cullen accepted the commission on those terms, and Mr. Henderson at last summoned him into his presence to report upon the settlements. Miss Henderson met him in the library, and took him at once to her father's bedroom. When she had seated him in an easy chair by the bed, she retired.

"Well, young man, I am holding out my hand. I will shake with you if you don't mind."

"Certainly," replied Cullen quickly, "I did not notice."

"Guess we might as well bury the hatchet," said Henderson, after a moment's pause, in which both were silent. "There don't seem to be anything for us to fight about now that the Hampton Mills are down."

"I shall be only too glad. That fight was always distasteful to me."

"You made it distasteful to me, young man. I don't remember that any lawyer ever laid it over Hugh and I the way you did. You whipped us to a frazzle in the very first bout. Jiminiy, boy, but that was great!"

"Why, what do you mean? I didn't whip you. I was scared to death myself."

"I tell you you did. I guess I know when I'm whipped. Look here I want to show you something," and he held out a long fat law envelope. "Well, I shall have to tell you what is in it after all. I keep forgetting you can't see. It is a contract with a wrecking firm to tear down the Hampton Mills. They would have begun on them in a couple of weeks if the Almighty hadn't taken the job off our hands."

Cullen was thunderstruck. He could not believe his ears.

"You don't mean that you had actually made a contract to pull the mills down," he finally managed to stammer.

"Just that. I tell you you had us whipped to a frazzle. It was the cleverest thing I ever saw."

"Guess I had better tell you the truth about this matter," returned Cullen. "I had been worrying my

head off ever since I came back from the country thinking about the fight ahead."

"There wasn't going to be any fight. When you told us we had got to go against the American Federation of Labor we quit. Now I am going to surprise you again. I want you to take McCulluck's job at six thousand a year. You refused to work for me once before, but I mean to get you this time."

The law envelope containing the contract with the wrecking firm fell from the young man's hand. He looked dumbfounded.

Henderson laughed a deep booming laugh. "Thought I would give you a start," he said, chuckling.

A wonderful idea of himself working in harmony with Evelyn Hope's father, and for the Henderson interests, flashed through Cullen's mind. It set his pulses to singing for joy, but as quickly as the vision appeared it disappeared. There was the old spectre. He could not work for the Hendersons. Their methods were not his. As quickly as he had reared this castle of happiness it came crashing down to earth.

"What's the matter? Didn't I offer you money enough?"

"No, no," stammered the young man, "It isn't that. I can't just tell what it is, but I am afraid I can't accept."

"You didn't have any trouble in settling the claims for damages did you?"

"No, but then you gave me carte blanche. I had a free hand there."

"I might be willing to do that in all the business."

"It would be too revolutionary. You never could do that. It would cost you too much money."

"Perhaps it would be just as cheap in the end. Take this mill affair. These damages would probably build a big part of the new mills. I might be able to save my cake and eat it."

"Mr. Henderson, I have offered those people nearly twice what the law would allow them. What do you think of that? Do you want me to work for you now?"

"I don't care how much you have offered them. It will all come back to me. They will see I mean to do what is right. I will gain their confidence."

"That is just what I think, but I thought you would object."

"No Sir. I see it is good business policy, especially at this time. You see, young man, I have been doing a lot of thinking while I have been lying here. Guess that bomb and my broken arm started a new line of thought. Why, I have done more actual thinking about a lot of things which don't really concern business in the last three days than I ever did in my whole life before. I have sort of got a new viewpoint. You see I have come to the conclusion that after all perhaps there is more in business than dollars and cents. I have gone back on my motto, business is business. Guess I shall have to hang up in its place, business is brotherhood, or something of that sort.

Of course, it really isn't now, but that is what we ought to make it. That's what I'd like to make it here in Millshaven, and I want you to help me.

"I am going to take it for granted that you will accept my offer. I know you will when you fully understand my new business policy. Now the first thing I want you to do is to get in touch with the best architect that money can hire, and have plans drawn up for the new Hampton Mills. The old mills were a frightful example of what a mill ought not to be, so I want the new mills to show what all mills should be. There are two things that I want borne especially in mind when these plans are drawn up. I want the mills modern, with every possible chance for good lighting and ventilation. The safety and comfort of the operators must be our first consideration. After that we'll look to business, but of course I am not going to throw all business principles to the dogs."

"Nothing that I could do would make me happier than working along those lines," exclaimed Haywood. "I will go to work at once."

"Good! I guess you and I will hit it up all right when we get used to each other. I have some other cards up my sleeve. I'm not going to play them all today, but there is just one more thing that I want to touch upon. I haven't thought it out fully yet, but I can just give you an outline.

"You see I am sort of jealous of such people as yourself and that girl of mine because I have come to the conclusion that you have got something I lack.

It never occurred to me until the last week or two while I have been lying here thinking."

"Why! What do you mean?"

"Well, it is hard to describe just what I do mean, just what this quality is that I lack. In old times they would call it soul. Perhaps now they call it humanitarianism, or a sense of comradeship or brotherhood. I don't know just what it is, but it is that sense which sends my daughter down into Hell's Alley slumming, and you knocking about among the poor people. I've got to do something for these same poor people myself if I am not going to be entirely left out of the best things in life. I have been figuring on a plan for a half holiday Saturday afternoons for all the mills. Of course, I only own two out of fifty, but I have a voice in the management of four more, and if we set the example, others would probably follow suit. Fifty hours work for fifty-five hours pay. What do you think of that?"

Cullen felt happy tears trickling through his lashes, and a great lump was in his throat. Ever since coming to Millshaven he had dreamed of a half holiday on Saturday afternoon for the mill's people, and here was their enemy proposing the very thing. No, not their enemy, their newly found friend.

"Mr. Henderson," he finally managed to stammer, "ever since coming to the city that has been the dearest dream of my life. It would let more daylight into Millshaven than anything else we could do."

David Henderson chuckled. "Guess the old man

can travel some himself when he gets started on this reforming idea.

"Then there is another thing you can put your mind at ease about. I am going out of politics. The people can do their own electing hereafter. I'm only going to cast one vote."

"That is fine. We'll make this a great city. You have already done so industrially, and now we will make it the cleanest, happiest city in the world."

"Here's my hand on it, young man. I guess that's all for today. My arm is beginning to pain me. I believe that girl of mine has got some plans to talk over with you. You'll find her in the library, second door to the right."

"This has been a wonderful half hour, Mr. Henderson," said Cullen as they shook hands.

"Me too, my boy. We'll hit it up yet."

Miss Henderson was bending over a chafing dish when Cullen entered the library, and looked up with a happy smile.

"How did you and Daddy get along?" she asked.

"Great!" and he proceeded to recount the interview.

"I am so glad you are going to take Hugh's place. Daddy never even told me he was going to offer it to you. He can keep a secret when he has a mind to, even from me. But I've got one also. He promised he would not tell that."

"What is it?"

"You can never guess. Millshaven is going to have a wonderful series of playgrounds for the poor chil-

dren of the city. There are to be six. We have options on all the lots, and the series will cost a quarter of a million dollars. Not even Detroit will be ahead of us in playgrounds."

Again the great lump filled the young man's throat. Were wonders never going to cease?

"Daddy is too funny for anything about it. He says he has been bitten by the play bug. He has concluded he didn't play enough himself when he was a boy."

"It is too good to be true. I guess you had a lot to do about it."

"That is where you are greatly mistaken," she returned quickly. "He had thought it all out and gotten options on the land before he even mentioned it to me. Then he just asked if I had any objections. But that is not all. My cotton mill girl's club is going to be enlarged to take in all the girls in our mills, and we are going to build a model boarding house for the girls who haven't any homes of their own. I tell you we will do things here in dirty old Millshaven yet. With Daddy's money and your brains, we can make over the city."

"And your heart," he put in. "We mustn't leave that out."

"Did I tell you I took your cousin Ned Fenton into partnership last week," he concluded.

"No. That is fine. You will both have to move up to father's offices, but I can go you one better on news. Of course you didn't know that Ned and Kitty are to be married at Christmas. It's a secret, so of course you couldn't."

At his look of utter astonishment her merry laugh filled the room.

"That's what comes of leaving them to run the business all alone for the past week."

"I thought Ned was unusually attentive to business," he finally managed to stammer. "He used to come up to the Kelley cottage every evening, but I thought it was to see me."

"Foolish boy!" she laughed. "It was to see Kitty. They will be very happy."

"This open fire, Welsh rarebit and tea reminds me of the days I used to camp out with Dan King up in the country."

"Speaking of Dan King and the country," said Miss Henderson, "how would you like to go automobiling with a girl friend of mine as chauffeur? We could go next Monday. You need a vacation, and I want to see those wonderful hills you are always talking about. Will you go?"

Was this a joke, or was it another wonder story going to come true? The dear old hills and valleys! How his heart yearned to feel their deep spell again!

"It would be great," he said, "the time of my life, but who is the chauffeur?"

"My maid, the girl who does my hair. The only maid I ever had," she laughed.

"Stung again!" he countered. "Here's to your maid and the chauffeur. We'll drink it in tea."

"Don't forget, Monday at ten," she warned as they parted half an hour later. "I can hardly wait to see your hills."

Chapter XIX

BACK TO THE HILLS

Over the hills and far away the swift gliding motor car was bearing them. They were fleeing from the city with its strife and dirt, its clangor and discord, to the country, fresh and sweet, with balm for both heart and mind.

It seemed to Cullen Haywood as he sat by Evelyn's side and noted how easily she ran the car, and how full of exultant life and spirits she seemed, that he was moving in a wonderful dream from which he might awake any moment and hear the hoarse whistles of Millshaven blowing for the toilers to arise.

He wished with all his heart that this wonderful day would last forever, that all the rest of his life might be October, with the wine of the fresh, fragrant air in his nostrils, and this great joy in his heart.

He was a boy again. The terrific struggle and anxiety of the last five years fell away from him, and he joked and laughed as he had not done in months.

"You seem to be in good spirits today," remarked the chauffeur as they began climbing a long hill.

"I am. This air and the smell of the fields and woods, and sharing it all with you is too good to be true. I know every hilltop and every valley within ten miles. This is my country. It's where I was born."

"There is some witch hazel by the roadside half

way up this hill. I want you to notice the fragrance. We are coming to it now. Draw in deep breaths. Isn't that great? Here is a cornfield on our right. Smell the ripe corn. Is it shocked yet?"

"It is piled up into tents, if that is what you mean."

He laughed. "Wigwams describes them better. I used to call the cornfields the Indian villages of autumn."

"See the golden pumpkins scattered about the fields."

"What bright patches of color! They are beautiful in among the brown of the cornstacks."

"Now look away off at our left where there is a woods across the small valley. Just about opposite to where we are now you will see a bright splash of color, red and yellow, running from the top of the hillside to the bottom."

"I see it," she cried. "What a contrast it makes to the deep green of the other trees."

"A little brook runs down the hillside, and it is swampy there. The stream is fringed with soft maples. They are the first trees to turn in the autumn, and I always looked for that patch of color on the mountainside in October when I was a boy.

"Here we are coming to a pine woods. Smell the wonderful pitchy fragrance. It always makes me sleepy."

"What a woodsman you are! You must be what they call a pantheist."

"No, I am just a woodsman, and woodcraft is the

most wonderful study there is. Everyone should know it.

"Here is an orchard just beyond the woods. Smell the ripe fruit. I remember just how it looks with the long rows of trees loaded with bright red and yellow apples.

"Autumn is a wonderful season. It is the time Nature redeems all her promises."

Thus they sped along the country roads. She exclaiming and calling things by the wrong names, and he explaining.

He showed her the old millpond with its fringes of dark green pines where he had fished as a boy, and the little willow-smothered brook, further on, and almost before they knew it, the car whizzed up the little hill and stood panting in front of the gate, where Henry King, Dan's brother, and Mary, his sister, gave them a cordial welcome.

Soon they were doing justice to a real old fashioned New England dinner of roast pork and mashed potato, served with several kinds of vegetables. Then came brown bread and Dutch cheese, and finally, a dessert of Indian pudding, with pumpkin pie and boiled cider apple sauce.

When the meal had been eaten with keen relish, Cullen took his city friend into the old orchard, and showed her the ancient gnarled trees. Then they went into the barn, fragrant with new hay. Here he showed her the stalls for cows and horses, and introduced her to the ducks, chickens, geese and turkeys.

Finally, he let down the bars to the lane which led to the cow pasture.

"I am going to take you up to the pasture and show you my cathedral," he said. "I used to call it the church in the woods. It's a wonderful place. Give me your hand, and I will race you to the top of the hill."

She put her warm hand in his, and laughing like happy children, they raced up the hillside. They followed the old woodroad for a few rods and entered a beautiful open maple grove, where the foliage was still nearly as green as in midsummer. There was no underbrush, and the ground was very smooth. There were occasional clumps of tall ferns, and the rest of the ground was carpeted with a thick, soft wood's grass and moss.

The city girl uttered a little cry of delight.

"I thought you would like it," he said joyously. Let's find a friendly tree and sit between its knees. I used to think when I was a boy that some trees were sitting down, and that the great roots which show were the tree's knees."

Soon they found just the right tree, and seated themselves on the ground with their backs to the trunk.

"How still it is," she said after a long pause.

"It is perfect peace," he replied reverently. "If we should keep very quiet we might hear a gray squirrel dropping down seeds. It is a famous place for grayers."

It was a world in itself, with the patches of golden

sunlight checkering the green moss here and there, and the silence and the peace.

To Cullen Haywood, so used to darkness and struggle, this one perfect day was like heaven. It went to his pulses like old wine. All the morning as they had motored back to the hills a refrain had been beating in his brain, and singing in his heart. It was "Evelyn Hope I love you."

God only knew how he loved her, but wild horses would not have drawn the admission from him. He had set his teeth, and told himself grimly that such happiness was not for him. What had he with his broken life to offer her? He would love her always, but at a distance. For both their sakes he must be strong.

Suddenly, from the depths of his being a mighty flood of love and tenderness swept over him. It was a force that was greater than he. It overpowered him. All of his resolutions were swept away, and with a sense of both joy and pain, he stretched out his arms to her and cried passionately, "Evelyn Hope, I love you." Then, appalled by what he had done, he drew back.

For a moment there was intense silence between them, then she said demurely, "You needn't look so tragic about it. One would think you had committed a crime in telling me. It's no news to me though."

"What do you mean by saying it is no news to you?"

"You said the same thing to me in a letter you wrote to me five years ago."

"What! I wrote you a letter? I never sent you a letter in my whole life."

"You did not send it to me, but I received it just the same. You wrote it the night of that wonderful day when we first met at the little woodland lake. Don't you remember?"

"Yes," he said slowly, after a moment's pause. "I did write you a letter, but I tore it up and threw it out of the window."

"Your friend, Dan King, picked it up and pieced it together. When he lay dying on the battlefield of San Juan Hill the last thing he did was to send it to me. Here it is."

She drew a much worn envelope from her shirtwaist, and spread the tattered letter out on her knee for him to feel the places where it had been pieced together.

"I had that letter in my shirtwaist the day I took you about Millshaven, when you were supposed to be in disgrace. That was why I trusted you."

"Evelyn Hope," he said brokenly, "You knew all the time?"

"Yes," she said, "since July, but wait a minute. I've got another confession to make. Did you ever wonder why my cousin Ned Fenton took the trouble to study law?"

"I thought he did it to kill time," said Cullen.

"He did it to please me. I paid him for it because I wanted someone to look out for you. You don't mind do you?"

"Evelyn Hope, you did all that for me!"

"No, I did it for myself," she persisted stoutly. "For my own peace of mind."

"Oh, Evelyn Hope," he said. "If I only had something worth while to offer you in return for this beautiful thing you have done. But I have just my imperfect life."

"Well?" she said.

"Are you sure that it will make no difference to you?"

"Of course not."

"Then, Sweetheart, come to me. I need you so much."

"I am so glad," she sighed as she nestled closer in his arms.

"What do you think your father will say when I tell him tonight you are going to be my wife," he said a little later as he kissed her.

"I will tell you what he said when I told him good-by this morning, and you can judge for yourself. Daddy said, if I didn't land you today I needn't call myself his daughter. He said we must keep such a good business head as yours in the family. It is going to be in the family, isn't it?"

"Yes," he replied, "And I—"

"Will be the Master of Millshaven," she finished gaily.

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H
Hawkes, Clarence
The master of Millshaven.

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